

# FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1898.

No. 4

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp.  
U. S. Judge—C. S. Johnson.  
U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett.  
Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly.  
District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott.  
Deputy Clerk—William D. McNair.  
U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup.  
Surveyor General—W. L. Distin.  
Register—John W. Dudley.  
Receiver—Roswell Shelly.  
Comptroller—George Rostrometoff.  
Commissioners—C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalakleet; Philip Gallagher, Kodiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Charles H. Isham, Unga.  
Deputy Marshal—W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Douglas; Edward C. Hasey, Kodiak; Lewis E. Rogers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalakleet; H. J. McFinnis, Skagway; John Cadibee, Circle City; Snook, Dyea.  
Deputy Internal Revenue Collector, W. C. Pedlar.  
Educational Agent—Sheldon Jackson.  
Assistant Agent—William Hamilton.  
Superintendent of Schools—W. A. Kelly.  
Postmistress, Sitka—Mrs. Archangelsky.

## CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Collector—J. W. Ivey.  
Special Deputy—W. P. McBride.  
Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews, Sitka.  
Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. Vanslyke, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kodiak; G. W. Caton, Cook Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kodiak; J. F. Simmet, Unga; John P. Word, Unalakleet; E. T. Hatch, St. Michael; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenny, Juneau.  
Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Audlin.  
Inspectors at Fort Wrangel—Edward Hofsted, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Denny.  
Inspectors Afloat—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

**M. J. Cochrane,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
JACKSON BLOCK.  
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.  
Will practice in all the courts of the state.

**G. O. Bates,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
OFFICE: JACKSON STREET.  
Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

**Oscar C. Stone,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law.  
SECOND AVENUE.  
Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

**A. G. McBride,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
Office with U. S. Deputy Marshal,  
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

**DR. W. L. HARRISON**  
**DENTIST**  
(With Dr. Campbell)  
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

**FRED W. CARLYON**  
**Watchmaker and Jeweler.**  
Has just moved into McKinnon block and will soon have a fine stock of jewelry.

**Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing and Engraving a Specialty.**  
Remember the place  
212 Front Street,  
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

C. E. Davidson Webster Brown

**BROWN & DAVIDSON**  
**CIVIL & MINING ENGINEERS**  
U. S. Deputy and U. S. Deputy Mineral

**SURVEYORS**  
OFFICE:  
Op. Stikeen Hotel Fort Wrangel.

**WRANGEL ICE CO.**  
DEALERS IN

**ICE**  
649 FRONT ST.  
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

## HERE'S YOUR INFORMATION

**J. Q. Leighty Inspects the Lake Teslin Trail.**

## REPORTS TO MINERS.

Says It is a Good Trail.—Prospectors, Mackenzie & Mann Said to have Signed Contract to Build Teslin Road.—To Look for Gold.

Glenora News, June 13.  
At the miners' mass meeting held last week to discuss matters and things one of the most forcible speakers was Mr. J. Q. Leighty of Ironton, Ohio. His party had undergone the greatest hardships of the winter trip up the Stikeen, had lost 5500 pounds of supplies, and had experienced tiresome delays of various natures. He thought the government should be censured for encouraging people to come to Glenora without a wagon road into the beyond, over which they might proceed. However, with the help of God, he hoped to get through. Mr. Leighty's remarks were well received, and he created a very favorable impression upon all whom he met.

His party started on their trip to Teslin, expecting to endure further hardships. Their wagon train is now twenty-five miles on the way to Teslin, and Mr. Leighty finding the road so much better than he expected, walked 30 miles back to Glenora Saturday night to tell the miners the news of the trail. At the News office he said:

"I went fifteen miles beyond Telegraph, and three miles beyond the summit. There is a good wagon road for 18 miles, save a connection of a half mile that is not quite completed. If the men in Glenora will travel together they can make a wagon road beyond that point as they go along, and make better time to Teslin than they could 'relaying.' I have hauled millions of feet of lumber over worse roads in the East than this road can be made at very little expense.

"The trail is vastly better than I expected to find it. Men and animals are now working on the pack trail, putting it in better condition and I can honestly recommend it to men of average common sense as a pack trail into the Teslin Lake country.

"On my way in I overtook a man who had just come from Skagway. He spent some time there trying to get over the passes, then bought horses and came on here to go over the Teslin trail. He told me there are over 30,000 people at Dyea and Skagway waiting to get over the passes. He said that the people there had given up all hopes of getting in that way, and were selling their outfits and horses and returning home, or coming this way. To show that they had quit he stated that the two pack horses he brought with him from Skagway cost him there just \$30, each, including pack saddle and other paraphernalia. They are the same kind of horses that are selling at Glenora for \$100 and \$150. We shall push right on to Teslin with our wagon train, and expect to make the trip in reasonable time."

Coming from Mr. Leighty these remarks should carry weight. He went out to inspect the trail half in the interests of the dissatisfied who have been depending on what people tell them rather than exert themselves to make a personal investigation. He was prejudiced against the road by the Skagway and Dyea "plungers" but he is an honest man, and he went to considerable trouble to put the trail before the people in the proper light.

For men with blood in their veins, brains in their head, and at least as much courage as a chicken is supposed to possess, the trail from Glenora to Teslin is the best trail in existence. It offers less danger and less expense to the traveler than either the Dyea or Skagway trails over the passes.

The Teslin trail has no hired agents at Dyea or Skagway trying to induce people there to come this way, and yet they are coming. The Dyea trail must be in hard shape for patronage when they send men to Glenora to "rib" for that route. And what these men should receive from the business men of Glenora, and our good citizens, is a cold bath in the river and a swim to Wrangel.

## Gone Prospecting.

Ed. Barnes, George Barnes, Roy Tate and Frank Holtham left Fort Wrangel Saturday on a prospecting trip among the neighboring islands. They are equipped for a two weeks stay and expect to bring back a good report of their explorations. We saw Mr. Holtham on his way to the boat, and observed that in each hand he carried a suspicious looking bottle, the contents of which were undoubtedly of a liquid nature. Upon enquiry as to the vintage, use and purposes of the same, he informed us that the Latin name of the insect is long range vinegar, and that it was used to decoy Klondike mosquitoes within easy range so that they could then be thrown to the ground and dispatched by a blow between the eyes from an axe, or a thrust below the fifth rib from a sheath knife. This explanation was eminently satisfactory and we took leave of the gentleman, very much enlightened on a subject that had not been for his courtesy would have remained a dark and impenetrable mystery to us.

## THE SUBSIDY IS ACCEPTED.

Contractors Mackenzie & Mann Agree to the Terms of the Province of British Columbia And Work on the Lake Teslin Road Will Commence Soon.  
Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A telegram received by Judge K. M. Jackson, the United States commissioner at Wrangel, from Victoria, conveys the information that Mackenzie & Mann, railroad contractors, have accepted the subsidy of \$4,000 per mile from the province of British Columbia, and have signed a contract by which they agree to commence work at once on the railroad from Glenora to Lake Teslin.

Since the failure of the bill in the Dominion parliament granting the firm an imperial subsidy in the form of money and lands, the residents of Wrangel have been more or less dubious concerning the prospect of a railroad through to Lake Teslin from Telegraph creek, at the head of navigation on the Stikeen river. Many of the influential people of the city, however, believed that if the original project for the building of the railroad did not go through, some other would be offered. The faith of the leading citizens of Wrangel in the Stikeen route and the proposed railroad has been firm and undying, and now, it appears, they are to be rewarded.

Judge Jackson, who has been in Seattle on business for several days, showed a Post-Intelligencer reporter the telegram referred to, which was signed by Charles H. Lugin. It states that Mackenzie & Mann have signed the contracts for the railroad and that work is to be begun at once. It is further stated that a wagon road will be built along the trail between Teslin and Glenora, presumably for the purpose of hauling supplies and materials for the contractor.

"Wrangel's long deferred hope of seeing a railroad built from Glenora to Lake Teslin, opening a new route to the gold fields, is about to be realized," said Judge Jackson yesterday. "The leading men of the town have never lost faith in the project, and their constancy is at last to be rewarded. The provincial legislature of British Columbia has granted the firm of Mackenzie & Mann a subsidy of \$4,000 per mile for the 140 miles of road between Glenora and Lake Teslin. The country is comparatively level, and there are positively no engineering difficulties of any magnitude to be encountered. Of course, it is not expected that the road will be built in time to be of use to prospectors this summer, but a wagon road will be built along the route to be followed by the road for the use of the contractors in getting material and supplies for their grading camps. I understand that work on the road is to be pushed with all possible haste.

"That Wrangel is one of the most fortunate towns as far as the future development of Alaska is concerned will be readily granted. The building of the Lake Teslin road will greatly stimulate all forms of business at Wrangel. The city will be the base of supplies for the country traversed by the road, and the merchants will derive much business therefrom. More than that, it establishes a permanent and feasible route to the interior, and one which, I believe, will be much favored by prospectors.

"When the road is finally completed and in operation, in conjunction with a line of steamers plying between the lake and Dawson by way of the Hootalinqua river, it should be possible for a miner to reach Dawson from Seattle in eight days. This is allowing three days for the voyage to Wrangel, one day up the Stikeen to Glenora, another from Glenora to Lake Teslin, at the terminus of the railroad, and three days from there to Dawson."

## GOOD BYE.

Three River Boats Leave for Lake Teslin by Way of St. Michaels.

Last Friday morning about 3 o'clock the hills resounded with the echo of the whistles of three boats that were rapidly steaming towards the entrance of Fort Wrangel bay. They were the Victorian, Canadian and Columbian and were bound for St. Michaels. They are to go up the Yukon to Dawson and from there up to Lake Teslin, from which point they will carry gold-seekers to the Klondike by the Stikeen river route. The sound of the whistles awoke many of our people, who skeddaddled out of bed to ascertain the cause of the unusual commotion, but it was only the sounding of three whistles from each boat, which means good bye. These boats will keep the inside route as far as they can and then strike out into the main ocean. It is quite an undertaking, but the trip has been made by other river boats and the commanders feel confident of getting through all right. The Torgenskjoeld, a splendid boat in everything but name, will convoy the boats to St. Michaels.

## Easy Travel to Lake Teslin.

Vancouver News-Advertiser.

Some of the Mackenzie and Mann party stated that the trail was now in very good order and that it is possible to get right through to Lake Teslin, the travel being very easy. It used to take 56 hours to get from Glenora to Telegraph creek, now it only takes a tithe of that time, a few hours in fact. "The present trail from Glenora to the lake is," said one man, "being widened through to Teslin. There have already been completed 20 miles from Glenora up. They are still charging 35 cents per pound from Glenora to Telegraph creek."

## CAPT. STEPHENS' LECTURE

**Talks Entertainingly on Wrangel and Its Future.**

## FINE ENTERTAINMENT

Fine Literary and Musical Program in Connection Therewith.—To Look for Gold.—Yukon River Impassable.

Last Wednesday afternoon some small handbills were distributed around town announcing that Capt. Stephens would lecture at the opera house that evening, which would also be supplemented by a good musical and literary program.

The News man got there a little early and found numerous empty seats, but a little later on the people commenced to come in and it wasn't long until the great, spacious room was packed and the extra benches in the building were strung up and down the aisles and soon also filled. This time of year the people are always reluctant in turning out to public meetings, but something about the program caught them and it was one of the largest gatherings that ever assembled in the city.

When the time arrived for calling the meeting to order, Capt. Stephens stepped onto the stage and announced that Mr. McKinnon could not be present that evening to preside as advertised, but that Capt. Willson would act as chairman of the meeting. The Capt. then took his seat on the platform and was followed by Elder Kennedy and Mr. Willoughby Clark.

The exercises were opened by a fine selection of instrumental music on the piano by Miss Keefe, after which America was sung by the congregation led by Miss Keefe on the piano, after which the Rev. Dr. Kennedy offered up a most fervent prayer which, for an off hand effort, was more than our wicked city deserved. It covered a wide scope of territory and as to mankind, civilized and uncivilized, rich, poor, the halt and lame, the blind, heathen and Christian, yea, the Jew and the Gentile, all, yes everybody, came in for their full share of the good things that the Doctor asked for. Dr. Kennedy is an eloquent talker, has an abundant flow of language and if his invocation don't bring forth fruit, it isn't his fault.

The orchestra, led by Prof. G. H. Edson, played "Marching through Georgia." It took the house all right and the applause was liberal indeed that followed.

The chairman announced a recitation, "Grand Army Badge", by Miss Bertha Hunt. This bare announcement brought a storm of applause from the audience. Miss Bertha is a favorite in Fort Wrangel. Her pretty face and lovely disposition have made her hosts of friends in this city. The recitation was well rendered and when she had concluded, the applause was so vigorous that Miss Bertha had to return and acknowledge the compliment.

The next was a selection on the piano by Miss Keefe. She is a fine performer and the music was appreciated by all and the selection received a hearty applause.

There was another surprise in store for us. Chairman Captain Willson has established a reputation in Fort Wrangel as a number one man, an artist as a sweet singer and an expert in logs and lumber, but we didn't know that he took high rank as an electioneer, but he does. His selection was about a calf and pig trade between a German and an Irishman. The brogue in each was perfect and it was one of the best hits of the evening. Whenever the Captain helps out an entertainment you can always count on something good.

This was followed by a fine selection of music by the orchestra. It was a waltz. The dancing population of the city is large, and like Moses at the funeral, it was with difficulty that they "held themselves down." We caught the eye of some of the "way-up" waltzers of the town, and how their eyes did sparkle, and their bodies swayed back and forth, keeping time to the beautiful strains. Geo. Clark couldn't keep his feet still. We thought Doc Campbell would jump onto the stage, for there wasn't any room on the floor. Jack Collins got up and left, for fear that he would make a bad break. Howard Stone had to be held, while the lady waltzers put on the most longing, pitiful looks you ever saw.

Mr. Willoughby Clark was then called on for a short address. Mr. Clark responded in a happy manner. He is a good off hand speaker and said many nice, little, comical things that set the big crowd into a roar of laughter and applause. He did not speak long but what he did say was well received.

Then came a recitation by Miss Beatrice Beebe, entitled "Her Letter." It was a splendid thing, and showed Miss Beebe to be possessed of fine abilities in elocution. The close of the recitation brought forth long continued applause.

This ended the musical and literary program. Mrs. Duncan McKinnon's illness prevented her from being present. She was to sing a solo. Every body wanted to hear it. Her daughter, Miss Etolin, was also on the program for a song, but could not be there. The quartette advertised, by Mrs. Burke, Miss Barnes, W. H. Corbett and Prof.

Porter, was also omitted. The audience was disappointed by these omissions.

Capt. B. A. Stephens was then introduced by Chairman Willson in a few well chosen and apt remarks. Capt. Stephens stepped onto the platform and was greeted by applause. The Captain first paid a tribute to Southern California, the state from whence he came, spoke of its beauties and advantages and then compared it, as one of the great states of the union, with the many natural resources of Southeastern Alaska. He spoke of his residence in Fort Wrangel, and in a vivid and most eloquent manner described her natural advantages and future prospects. His lecture was illustrated by a large map, especially prepared for this occasion, in which this city was the central figure. He then described the country surrounding Fort Wrangel and pointed out the particular resources of each locality. Gold, silver, lead, iron, copper, coal, sulphur, petroleum, plum-bago, lumber, fish, and many other products of value were mentioned and the places where found were described and pointed out. He spoke of the area of inhabitable lands surrounding this part of Alaska and estimated it at 45,000 square miles, larger than the state of Ohio, and capable of sustaining a population of millions of people. He spoke of the productiveness of the soil of many localities and the success in raising potatoes, turnips, etc. The lecture on Alaska was most complete and every word uttered was true, and surely we are living in a country that at no distant day will become one of the richest on the face of the globe.

Capt. Stephens is well informed on Alaska and her resources and has a very fascinating manner of describing what he knows. His lecture was full of wit and humor and was frequently interrupted by applause from the audience. His closing remarks concerning Fort Wrangel were beautifully rendered and Captain Stephens is to be congratulated on his effort, for it no doubt was one of his best. He is a fine, eloquent speaker and the people will always be glad to hear him.

After the close of the exercises, A. G. McBride, editor of the News, offered a resolution to the effect that the meeting extend a vote of thanks to Captain Stephens and all others who participated in the evening's program, which was adopted by a rousing vote, after which the meeting adjourned. A Fort Wrangel club was then organized, which will push the work of advertising Southeastern Alaska in general and Fort Wrangel in particular.

This meeting was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in the city and we expect much good to result from it.

## TO LOOK FOR GOLD.

Dep. U. S. Mineral Surveyor Conrad to Search for the Elusive Metal.

Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor T. H. Conrad of this city has been busy for a few weeks building a steam launch, which he will use in connection with his official business and also for the purpose of prospecting. His craft is twenty-six feet long with an eight foot beam and is supplied with a good engine, boiler and propeller. The boat is good and strong and will be found perfectly safe in an ordinary sea.

The News man heard of the deputy mineral surveyor's plans and looked him up. After quite a chase, he was found in the ship yards below the mill where his boat was being put into order for her trial trip.

"Mr. Conrad, when do you leave us?" asked the scribe, "and if it is all right for us to know, where are you going?"

Mr. Conrad replied: "I wish to leave this city in a few weeks on a prospecting tour, and if there is any surveying of mineral claims to be done where I am going, why of course I will attend to that also. I have fitted up a craft here, as you can see, and we are going to prospect from Ketchikan to Berner's bay. Our party will include a thoroughly competent assayer, and if we strike anything good we will not be long in finding it out. Yes, it will also be a very pleasant trip—a fine outing. We also have another boat in tow, which will carry water, fuel and supplies for our party, so we will not be crowded. There is plenty of gold in Southeastern Alaska and we are going to try and find some of it."

"How long have you been here?" was asked.

"I have been here at Fort Wrangel for two months. I like the town and her people very much. I shall of course return after our tour has been completed."

Mr. Conrad is a young man, not tall, smooth-shaven, pleasant and most companionable. His appearance and conversation indicate much more than average ability and we are glad to claim him as one of our Fort Wrangel citizens.

## The Yukon River Impassable.

According to advices received at Juneau, a special courier recently arrived at Dyea from Dawson City, sent out by one of the trading companies with information to the effect that in consequence of the low condition of water in the Yukon river, it is very doubtful if any river steamer will be able to reach Dawson this year.

The Alaska Miner says that upon the strength of this information the Canadian authorities have placed in force an order making it compulsory that all persons going down the river shall have six hundred pounds of provisions, otherwise they will not be allowed to proceed.



## SWIMMING TRICKS.

### Floating Is Easy Enough if You Only Know How.

Plain swimming, with its attendant diving, treading water, floating and rolling in the warm sand is quite good enough sport for most young people. But there are a number of tricks and games in swimming which will help to make the sport more fascinating than it is.

Few people realize how very nearly



HOW TO FLOAT EASILY.

the human body comes to floating. Drop your arm loosely in the water and it will rest near the surface, buoyed in its place by the pressure of the water. If it were not for the weight of the head in proportion of the weight of the body a man would swim as easily and naturally as a horse or a dog. With these facts in mind, the good swimmer or floater keeps as much of his body under the surface of the water as he can. On the same principle a swimmer may keep himself afloat by holding a very small piece of wood in each hand, providing he allows himself to sink deep into the water in the position shown in the picture. Any boy or girl may readily test this plan. It merely requires a little confidence in letting the body so deep into the water. A big Swede named Stromberg, who made himself famous several years ago as a swimmer, well knew this plan. Sometimes in making long practice swims he took with him a compact piece of cork four or five inches square by about two inches thick. This he fastened to the back of his head by means of a small strap which ran around his chin. When he grew tired and needed a rest he would turn on his back and sink deep into the water. The cork float under his head was almost sufficient to buoy him up.

A boy who falls overboard from a ship, if he keeps cool and does not try to raise himself out of the water, as many frightened people do, can keep afloat for some time by paddling gently, his clothing acting as a float until it becomes well soaked.

One of the greatest sports "in swimming" may be had with a small rubber tube ten or twelve feet long. Two large empty spools should be fastened to the end of the tubes by crowding the rubber into the hole in the middle of each, which has first been enlarged with a jack-knife. The swimmer allows one of the spools to float on the surface of the water or fastens it near



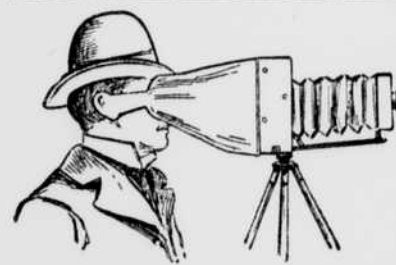
A DIVER'S SURPRISE.

a stone or log on shore or next to a stake driven into the water. Then he places the other spool in his mouth and sinks out of sight under the water. Of course he can breathe through the tube and he can remain a considerable length of time without rising to the surface. Any boy will readily imagine the various pranks that may be played with such an invention. It will also be found useful in diving for lost objects.

## FOR THE CAMERA FIEND.

### Focusing Cloth Which Has Apparent Advantages.

Here is a focusing cloth, the advantages of which are apparent. The old-style focusing cloth, which muffled the hair and would persist in blowing away, has undoubtedly proved a source of annoyance to many a photographer of outdoor subjects. This little help may be very easily made at home, and is not so clumsy to carry as the ordi-



LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE.

nary square focusing cloth. It is made slightly larger at one end than the ground glass, and an elastic band is sewed in that end. This fits on the

camera, and need not be removed during the taking of the picture. An elastic band at the other end holds the cloth against the operator's face. Another advantage is that it is not necessary to use one hand to hold the cloth at the bottom to exclude the light.

## "OLD ANSE."

### Passing of One of the Great Ball Players of the Country.

The passing of Adrian Constantine Anson from the Chicago Base-ball Club means the removal from public life of one of the best-known characters in America.

Long as he has been with the Chicago team his best chance to show the real stuff that is in him was reserved till the connection was at an end. When the announcement was made of the termination of his contract his admirers got together at once with a proposition to raise for him by popular subscription a testimonial that should mount in value to tens of thousands of dollars. The movement was progressing finely until Anson came forward and declined to be considered as an object of public charity.

"I recognize your motive, gentlemen, in trying to raise for me this purse," he said, "but I cannot accept it. I am not too old nor too weak to earn my own living."

"Old Anse" was the last of a famous lot of base-ball players. Of the 100 and more players engaged by the eight clubs in the first year of the National League he was the only one left on the diamond. He was born in 1852, and began playing ball when a mere boy. Since 1871 "Anse" has been a professional ball player. Twenty-two of



CAPT. ANSON.

those years he has been in the Chicago club, nineteen as its captain and manager. In that time the Chicago club has won the championship six times—once less than has Boston.

## Passing of the Tea Table.

The old-fashioned tea-table is becoming a thing of the past, and an invitation to tea means nowadays, unless especially defined, the informal 5 o'clock tea which is hardly considered in the light of an entertainment, being merely an excuse for receiving one's friends at a stated hour. Some of the old families who make a point of keeping up their traditions have retained for Sunday evening the American "tea"—a meal that is to most people rather a welcome change from the conventional and formal dinner, says the New York Tribune.

It is very seldom that one sees in these up-to-date days the old regulation tea-table with its dishes of cold tongue and cold chicken thinly sliced, snowy biscuits, light as a feather; golden butter, home-made preserves that are the pride of the house mistress, and delicious cake made by her own fair hands. All these delicacies and more of the same kind tastefully arranged amid flowers and fruit and silver candelabra on the polished mahogany which reflected in its mysterious depths the candles and their myriad radiations, with the milder sheen of the highly polished silver—nothing could be prettier or more restful than the tea-tables of yore. This dainty old-fashioned meal was as different as possible from what is called in England "high tea," which is really a rather "higgledy-piggledy" dinner, with hot smoking dishes of meat and vegetables, all served at once; and which, although under certain conditions may be convenient, can never be elegant, the latter quality being a distinctive mark of a typical American tea.

"I should love to keep up Sunday evening teas," says many a housekeeper, "but my husband insists upon having his dinner; he says it upsets his digestion to be fed upon biscuits and preserves and cold meat; whereas if the truth were told, such abstemiousness practiced every day would save him from many an ill that his overfed body is heir to."

## She Didn't Mind It.

Mistress—Bridget, you must not use kerosene to light the fire with. It's very dangerous.

Bridget—Faith, an' Oi always used it at me last place.

Mistress—I'm surprised that you never got blown up.

Bridget—Sure, an' Oldid, mum—'most every day, by th' missus.

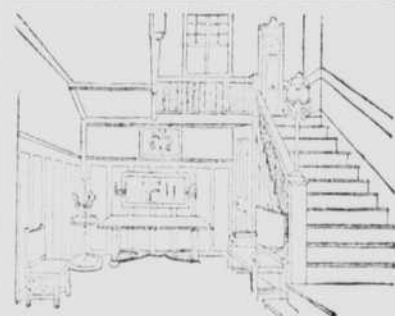
A man usually knows where he got his hat, but when it comes to his umbrella—well, that's another story.

## HOUSE ENTRANCES.

### Decorations that Are Proper for the Hall and Vestibule.

The library and drawing-room best satisfy the needs of family and friendly communion. The vestibule should be formal in its furnishings, and the hall a little less so, a step in gradation between the entrance and the private part of the house. The door from the vestibule is not only a means of ingress, but it is also a barrier between the inmates and the outside world. For this reason curtains on the inner glass door are almost necessary. Thought should determine that everything in the vestibule is weather-proof. If there be no marble or mosaic floor, linoleum makes an excellent substitute. Wood is easily marred by wind and rain.

If a hall is used only as a passageway delicacy in ornament and treatment is lost. There is no leisure to examine them. Only the first impression counts. Forebide, simple lines, and strong massing of light and shade are essential. Prominent, continuous patterns in the wall paper are not advisable. They disturb the simplicity of composition. Single figures, placed at regular intervals and architectural in character are suitable to the wall. Pictures should be few in number and decorative in composition and coloring. The mural effect of the picture is more appreciative than the motif. The light in a hall is better diffused if it comes from above. The furniture should consist of benches and straight-backed



HOW THE HALL SHOULD LOOK.

chairs—perhaps a wooden chest. Everything should be formal in design and treatment, suggesting rest, not repose. A mirror is useful and lends apparent size.

If it be desirable to carpet a hall, and if the carpet possesses a border, the whole will be better in the form of a rug rather than cut to the irregularities of the room. If the stairs have covering, the color should be strong, and it is desirable that there should be no obstructive pattern. A hall should be cheerful and bright, but at the same time dignified in appearance. Attractiveness but not familiarity is its best attribute.

## "OLD MORTALITY."

### House Where Prototype of One of Scott's Characters Was Born.

The Hawick Archaeological Society has preserved a literary landmark dear to every lover of Sir Walter Scott's writings. This is the house in which the prototype of "Old Mortality" was born. Every reader of that admirable novel, in which Scott touches with so firm a grip the conflicting tastes and interests of Covenanters and Royalists, will remember that the story was made to revolve round the reminiscences of a famous old man, who was a repairer of tombs in Scottish churchyards. The original of "Old Mortality," whom Scott had met only once,



"OLD MORTALITY'S" BIRTHPLACE.

and then at his occupation, was a certain Robert Paterson, who, as this stone commemorates, was born at Hagglesha, in 1712. Paterson was little more than a beggar, receiving such charity as was given to him from day to day by the kindly people among whom he moved. He traveled about with his little pony from churchyard to churchyard, interesting himself in taking away the dirt and moss which accumulated on the other tombs, many of which were those of famous Covenanters. It was the knowledge of this man which, undoubtedly, inspired Scott to tell the story which common assent has placed in the very front of his great works.

## Pupils in Schools.

Taking all the schools and colleges of the country together, the latest enrollment made by Dr. William T. Harris, the national commissioner of education, figures out a total of 16,415,197 pupils of various grades and accomplishments as studying in this country.

## An Inconsistent Angel.

She joined the Audubon society, because she loved the birdies; but, alack,

Her husband pleaded for the seals in vain, She did not weep to hear how they were slain,

And so he had to whack up for the sack!

## DOWN THE BOONESLICK.

### The Pathetic Tragedy of a Humble Life Revealed.

The road had disappeared, only a slight unevenness here and there indicating the deep ruts and the rough clods which underlay the smooth surface. On the north the wind was broken a little by the rail fence, with the snow-laden sumac bushes in its corners, but it was still fierce enough to press flat upon the snow the dry pepper grass which covered the open field to the south. Just at sunset a white covered mover's wagon came down the long slope, the horses pressing close to each other, walking with heads turned from the north. It was an unusual sight—in winter—even for the Booneslick road, that highway which has led so many families westward, and the look upon the face of the driver was also unusual. There was none of the eager expectancy of the man who hopes for a new life in the new country; none of the bitter despair of the man who realizes that old failures will be repeated in the new territory. Down in the hollow, at the bottom of the slope, he checked the horses, and pulling aside the canvas curtains behind him looked back into the wagon. A blanket or two, a sack of flour, a coffee pot, lay there—as meager an outfit as ever went west, even in '39, when men did not wait for outfits. He glanced at the coffee pot in listless, idle hesitancy.

"Guess not," he said at last, and clucked to the horses. At the top of the next slope a sleigh passed him, the woman in it giving a little cry as she peered above the heap of robes tucked around her.

"Movers! Step, Sam—tell him to come back and stay with us to-night—maybe there is a baby."

"No, no baby," the mover answered when the farmer called out the invitation, "and no wife."

"Then what in thunder makes you go west?" the farmer asked. "Can't a single man get enough for himself to eat even back there in yore pore old New England? But come along, anyhow—men and horses can freeze, too, and the Lord knows this is going to be a night on the prairie yonder—hear that wind tiptoe'n' up? It will be on the run by 9 o'clock."

The man looked at him with the look he had given the coffee pot. "Guess not," he said, shaking his head and clucking to his horses.

"Let the fool kill himself," the farmer said, impatiently, putting the buffalo robe again under his feet.

"No, we won't," the woman answered firmly. "Here, I'll talk to him. Come along with us, mister—Sam, can't you keep Bess on her four legs while I talk—come along and get a good supper or you'll freeze, sure."

The mover leaned around the flapping curtains and looked at her, the same apathy in his face.

"They both died in the way," he said, and clucked once more to the horses.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## The Bear and the Wheelmen.

Right in the middle of the track was a black bear, about four feet high and six feet long. We had never seen Bruin before outside of the Zoo or in the cage of a perambulating menagerie. So we were interested, and the interest took the shape of a tightness across the chest and a quickness of breathing such as you feel when easy and happy—go lucky in your mind. The bear was interested in us, and evidently glad to see us. He gave a grunt, slowly wagged his head, and began to advance. At first we thought of amusing him by reminiscences of stale buns given to his species when we were younger and less callous of heart. Yet we cocked our revolvers in case there should be any disputing the fact, though we knew a bullet from a six-shooter would have as much effect upon the hide of a bear as a peashooter would have in wounding an elephant.

"Now, don't fire until he's within arm's reach; then drive into his eyes or open mouth." That was the arrangement.

We halted ready for action. So did our friend the enemy, and we saw he was scanning us with scornful eyes. He moved to get a side view. "He's faking it; he's frightened," we said, with lowered voice. By way of answer the bear came on four strides at a trot, and up went the revolvers.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot, till he's nearer."

Bruin hesitated. He was considering. He was something of a philosopher, and evidently thought, "They are only a couple of lanky, fleshless cyclists; what would be the good of killing them?"

On which sage reflection he turned about and sauntered up the mountain side.—Travel.

## Perfumery from Flowers.

Heretofore perfumery has been detached from flowers by soaking them in lard. A Parisian named Passy has now found a way of gathering the fragrance by simply soaking the flowers in water, a process which can be repeated several times without destroying the flowers.

We always have a kindly feeling toward a dog that has no pedigree. Somehow, a dog with a pedigree always seems to look down on us.

## THE OLDEST BANKER.

### Truman P. Handy, Distinguished Financier and Philanthropist.

Truman P. Handy, who died recently at his magnificent Euclid avenue home in Cleveland, Ohio, was the oldest active banker in the United States. He was also a great philanthropist, a supporter of charities, churches and schools and, withal one of the best citizens of Cleveland. He began life on a farm—born at Paris Hill, Oneida County, N. Y. After the years of his boyhood were over and he had completed a common school education he went to the city of Buffalo and secured employment in a bank. His promotion was steady. From the position of teller in the Buffalo bank he was called to the position of cashier of the Commercial Bank of Lake Erie in 1832. This took him to Cleveland. He helped to organize the bank and remained with the institution until the expiration of its charter, in 1847. For a number of years he engaged in private banking. In 1861 he became president of the old Ohio State Bank, where he remained for four years. His ability and energy had by this time made him conspicuous among the foremost financiers of the State. In 1864 he organized the Mercantile National Bank, of which he was the president until six years ago.

Besides his career as a banker he had



TRUMAN P. HANDY.

made a reputation as a railroad manager. Among the lines with which he was connected is the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and St. Louis. He was a member of the Cleveland Board of Education, a trustee of the Lane Theological Seminary, of Adelbert College and of Oberlin College. The Children's Aid Society of Cleveland was one of the many objects of his charity, and Sunday school work ever found in him a ready friend.

## Sewing the Lips of Cobras.

A large cobra de capello, says a writer in Chambers' Journal, was sent home several years ago to Sir Joseph Fayrer, who wanted a supply of venom for analysis. It bit the spoon repeatedly without yielding any, and on examination was found to have none to yield, not only its fangs, but the poisonous glands having been extirpated. A protective operation still more cruel is sometimes practiced by novices in the art of charming, and consists in securing the mouth with a stitch of silk passed through the lips in front. To perform this the poor beast's head is held tightly pressed to the ground by a short stick, on which the foot rests, while the other foot restrains the writhing body, leaving both hands at liberty for the needle. Eleven apparently healthy cobras were on one occasion received at the London Zoological Gardens. They refused to feed, and grew thin. When one died it was discovered that its mouth was sewed up with stitches so fine as to be invisible to any but the closest scrutiny. The rest of them did quite well when they were restored to their normal condition.

In connection with this subject I may mention that a rattlesnake was sent to me from up country when I was in Demerara, with the history that it had killed a coolie on one of the plantations. It had been badly injured about the spine, probably in capture, so that on reaching me it was not only dead, but decomposed, and I was not able to make any very complete dissection, but I found that its lips were tied together with stitches—obviously the effort of an unpracticed hand, since the work was very coarse. This had apparently been preceded by an unsuccessful attempt to extract the long, erectile, needle-like fangs, for one of these was twisted half round with its bony base, and had penetrated the lower lip when the jaws were forcibly closed. It is hardly possible that the duct was not occluded, but enough venom must have remained within the tube of the tiny, delicate syringe to inflict a fatal scratch.

## Adelina Patti's Bravery.

When quite a little girl Madame Adelina Patti once saved a companion's life. She was living in New York at the time, and when out on a country excursion with some young friends, one of the party, slipping on the edge of a river, fell into a deep pool. The future queen of song at once sprang in after her, succeeded in reaching the drowning girl and clung with her to a floating log. Buoyed up in this way, the two girls floated down stream, and were saved.

The Cincinnati bootblacks have organized a trust—but they don't.







## FORT WRANGEL NEWS

A. G. McBRIDE, - - - FRED L. HENSHAW  
Editors and Publishers.

CHAS. A. HOPP, BUSINESS MANAGER.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

Entered at the Postoffice at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, as second-class mail matter.

TERMS:—In Advance.

One Year - - - - - \$3.00  
Six Months - - - - - 1.50  
Three Months - - - - - .75  
Single Copies - - - - - .10  
Foreign Postage must be Prepaid.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1898.

### MR. IVEY'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Ivey, the collector for the district of Alaska, has recently submitted to an interview in his own defense in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. In doing so, he made a serious mistake. We have not had the pleasure of personally meeting the collector and what we know of him is from information gained through others, but with very slight exceptions we can say to him and all other officials that when an office-holder goes into the papers with his own personal statement for the purpose of either defending himself or assailing his opponents he commits a great error, and we find in Mr. Ivey's defense no cause for stating that he has brought himself within the exception to the rule stated, and we regret much that he has put himself on record in such a manner that he has humiliated his friends and done his enemies no special harm.

Mr. Ivey has many friends and supporters in Fort Wrangel and his allusions to the people in this city are most unkind and tend to place them in a very unenviable light before the reading public. Fort Wrangel is made up of a very orderly, well disposed and law abiding people, and surely Ivey is doing them an injustice when he paints them as a lawless element that requires the strong arm of the military department to hold them in check.

We cannot believe that the collector intended to represent such a condition as he describes, from his own personal knowledge. Some of his alleged friends have no doubt imposed upon him. He has probably made his statement on the information gained from others, for Fort Wrangel has enemies within, as well as without her portals, and during his absence, we are willing to take the most charitable view and give him the benefit of the doubt, and await his return when we may know whether he has been correctly reported and, if so, whether he assumes the full responsibility of the same.

### JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS.

The political opponents of Congressman Lewis of Washington are in deep consultation at this time devising ways and means whereby he may be defeated in an election for a second term as representative. That they have an herculean task before them will not be doubted by those who know the able Congressman and realize the hold he has upon the people. Col. Lewis is a very bright man and the two years that he has been in congress has succeeded in gaining him a prominence and reputation that few men indeed could ever acquire. It is only to those possessed of towering ability that advancement as rapid as he has made can be accomplished. He is about thirty years of age, the finest trial lawyer in Washington, a brilliant orator, and yet so common that there are none so humble that he would fail to notice or speak to them. He is possessed of a memory that is simply wonderful and in his general knowledge there is but one weak spot—he has never studied the Bible, and he makes miserable blunders in trying to quote it. It was a long time before the better grade of lawyers in Seattle were willing to acknowledge his ability as a member of the profession, but after he made his defense in the Krug embezzlement case, even his enemies admitted that they were surprised, and those who tried to make themselves believe that Col. Lewis couldn't do anything but talk, were convinced of their mistake.

While Col. Lewis is a good dresser, yet, as before stated, he is common. While he has every reason to possess a swelled head, he is not accused of it. He is a friend to the common people. The farmer and the workingman like him and it is admitted that he will be a hard man to beat at an election. He is a reasonably careful politician, too, and makes but few bad breaks. When he was first elected, he opposed the Nicaragua canal, but he soon decided that the West was in favor of it, and he dropped over so easily, so gracefully, that his friends now deny that he ever was opposed to this great measure.

The fight against him will be a hot one. He has his enemies and they are bitter. The leadership of his opponents is in able hands, and it will be a contest between giants.

### FRAUD OR MISTAKE, WHICH?

The Seattle Daily Times, an unusually bright paper, was recently dated on the first page as of the 21st and on the inside as the 20th. It was sold for a paper of the former date, but contained the news that was of the latter. We have heard it stated that the paper dates ahead to increase its sales in Alaska. We can't believe that Col. Blethen would perpetrate such a fraud to increase his sales by only a few papers. But there is something out of whack. It is either a fraud or a mistake.

### JUDGE JACKSON'S ASSAILANTS.

Judge Jackson, of this city, has, we think, been needlessly assailed, and we doubt not keenly feels the wrong that has been done to him. He has, however, displayed his usual good judgment in simply ignoring his traducers, and we wish it distinctly understood that what we say concerning the matter is in no manner prompted by any request or suggestion on his part.

As a man and citizen, we have no better. He is generous, public spirited and chivalrous. A good friend to Fort Wrangel and always found laboring for her interests. Honest and fair in dealings with his fellow man, and his residence in this city will bear witness to the truth of what we have said.

As an official and the judge of our court, we know but little of him from practical experience, but of course those can be found who are willing to denounce and condemn many of his official acts, but the same can be said of almost every judge from commissioner to the chief justice of the supreme court. To accuse the judge of every district of corruption is a very common thing among Americans.

We once heard it said in this city that Judge Jackson was "standing in" with the gamblers. A short time thereafter a member of the fraternity was brought into his court for gambling. The writer happened to be there and out of curiosity, and for the purpose of viewing the "standing in" process, remained until the end of the trial which resulted in a conviction without a jury.

Judge Jackson imposed a fine of \$200 and the defendant paid it.

Well, we then concluded if the Judge was favoring the gamblers, he took a very peculiar course in showing it. Judge Jackson makes mistakes, the same as all other trial courts. Nearly half of the cases reviewed by the higher judges on appeal are reversed on account of the mistakes of the trial court and in nine-tenths of the cases the court is accused of corruption.

The insinuations against Judge Jackson will do him no harm in this city. His court record will show acquittals in very, yes a remarkably, few cases and if we were to write a criticism on his official acts we would say the percentage of convictions is too great. The habit of accusing courts of dishonesty is so common that little attention is paid to it. His enemies wish to, and will continue to condemn him and the confidence of his friends will be stronger than ever.

Judge Jackson will suffer no harm from his assailants.

### THE WASHINGTON SOLDIERS.

The Washington volunteers who enlisted to fight the Spaniards are not in the happiest mood over the manner in which they are being treated. A part of them have been sent to the Vancouver barracks where they mow the lawns, clean the cuspidors and do the work for the officers that fall to the lot of a chambermaid in a well regulated family. Some of these boys are members of the "400" and the protest they make is milder than one would expect under the circumstances. Recruiting officers have recently been sent to Washington cities for more men, but whether the boys will fall over each other in the scramble to enlist, under the circumstances is doubtful. It is admitted that the Washington boys are the best drilled of any of the volunteers and some job may have been set up on them.

### OVER THE TRAIL.

S. Pearson Goes from Glenora to Lake Teslin With a 100 Pound Pack. His Talk With a News Man.

Mr. S. Pearson came to this city direct from Glenora last Friday. He has been up there for some time. His business in the past has been that of a railroad contractor and builder. He was first observed by the News man while talking to some parties about the Lake Teslin trail on Front street last Saturday afternoon. Of course the reporter struck him for an interview, and Mr. Pearson kindly consented to give the writer such facts as were within his knowledge.

"What do you know of your own knowledge about the trail from Glenora to Lake Teslin?" was asked by the scribe.

"I know quite a little about it," said Mr. Pearson. "I was over the trail, that is from Telegraph creek. I left that place with a hundred pound pack on June 2nd, and came back to the same place on the 21st. I did some prospecting along the way. The trail is good and I don't care who says it ain't. My business across was to see the trail and also to do some prospecting and I did both. There are a number of pack trains on the trail and are taking lots of outfits across."

"Were any men at work improving the trail?" was asked.

"Yes, 74 miles this side of the lake a number of men were at work and there were enough to make all needed repairs within a week. The water has all gone from off the trail and it is now perfectly dry. These men were at work on the trail the 18th. That is when I saw them."

"How about Lake Teslin, what is the news from there?"

"Nothing much. The boat they are building was launched while I was there, which was on the 16th. It is to run from the lake to Dawson."

Returning again to the condition of the trail, and to be certain that Mr. Pearson was not misunderstood, he said, "the trail is good, it is all right for travel. I am speaking of what I saw myself, and nothing more."

James and Ready returned from a prospecting tour last week. They were gone a couple of weeks and brought back with them some ore the value of which they have not yet ascertained. They were down in the Loring country.

### The Lake Teslin Trail.

A man by the name of O. Ellis Payne of Salem, Mass., has been up to Glenora and returned to Seattle recently. He was interviewed by the Post-Intelligencer of that city. Mr. Payne was not feeling very well when the reporter saw him—he was no doubt suffering with pain, and his interview, which was very lengthy, contains the following "painful" statement:

"Three thousand disgusted men, victims of the greed of the Canadian Pacific railroad company, were at Glenora and Telegraph creek on June 11, cursing the fate that led them to try the Stikine route."

At the time Mr. Payne was at Glenora there were probably 3 thousand men there bound for the Klondike, and that they were delayed on account of the extreme high water that for a week or ten days made the Teslin lake end of the trail impassable is also true, but those who remained, which includes fully seven-tenths are now going across the trail, which is in first-class condition.

It should be remembered that a great many of those starting for the Klondike "fall by the wayside," and it matters not what trail they select to go by, and evidently Mr. Payne is one of the number. When the grand rush took place from Seattle last summer, hundreds went as far as Dyea and Skagway, and others as far as the lake, and then sold their outfits and returned to Seattle and relieved themselves by cursing the route to the Yukon and advising their friends to go some other way.

Mr. Payne has some other grievances besides the fact that he didn't have the nerve to go across to the lake from Glenora. According to his statements, he attempted to go up the Stikine river in a small boat rather than pay a reasonable fare for going up in one of the river steamers. In speaking of his trip up, he says:

"The steamer rates were so high that we could not afford to go that way. As soon as the ice began to come out we started up the river. It was the hardest work I ever did and very dangerous. At Hot Springs rapids, fifteen miles across the line, our boat was dumped over and we lost 400 pounds of outfit."

Well, the steamer rates from Fort Wrangel to Glenora were \$20.00. We don't think any man will say it is too much after reading Mr. Payne's experience. But compare the charges on the other route, where it costs \$200.00 to be piloted through the rapids that takes about thirty minutes, with the charge of \$20.00 to be carried up the river 150 miles and then draw your own conclusions. Why, Mr. Payne even complains of the hard work—"the hardest I ever did," he says. Yes, he is evidently a "tender-foot" and made an awful mistake when he left his wife's folks in Salem to become a gold hunter. But Mr. Payne says others besides himself are cursing the fate that led them to try the Stikine river route. No doubt of it. When a man goes to Dawson by one route for the first time, he always wishes he had gone the other. The hundreds of graves along the Dyea and Skagway routes are witnesses to the fact that going to the Klondike is a "hard and dangerous work." The gold hunter must expect to endure hardships and danger. Gold is not generally found in easily accessible places and Mr. Payne has evidently mistaken his calling.

The trail from Telegraph creek, four miles above Glenora, is in good condition. From Glenora to the junction it has recently been put in fine condition and any statement to the contrary is not true. The route is not a failure, and when the truth is known it will be shown that the Lake Teslin route is the easiest and best route to the Yukon. That the trail across has been in bad shape we do not deny, but the Provincial government has put a force of men at work on it, and while it is now in successful use for pack trains and foot men, it will soon be widened to that of a wagon road and Lake Teslin steamers will carry the gold hunters by a continuous passage to Dawson. It is less expensive, safer in every respect, and less dangerous than that of any other route that has as yet been discovered.

Mr. Payne don't pretend to know anything about any other route except up the Stikine. If he will try the Dyea trail he will no doubt shortly thereafter be found in Seattle cursing that also. We trust he will not make a second venture. The proper place for him is in Salem.

### She Came Back.

River steamer Victoriana pulled into the bay last Sunday evening. Not a flag was unfurled and she was as gentle and docile as a meek lamb. The Victoriana pulled out from here for St. Michaels a few mornings ago. It was three o'clock in the morning. She whistled and whistled, bellowed and bawled until she woke up every sound sleeper in the town. She made such free use of the whistle that we were told she stopped a mile out to get up more steam. Poor thing. "How are the mighty fallen." She came back to us with a hole stove into her bottom, her spine fractured, and looking as if she had been out in the rain all night. She didn't pull up to any wharf, although hundreds of our people were there to greet and console her, but it being half tide, she slowly and solemnly pulled herself onto the beach opposite the saw mill where she lies in sweet and complete repose.

The Colonist of the 21st, an unusually conservative and reliable paper, states that it is not true that Mackenzie, Mann & Co. have abandoned their contract to build the Glenora-Lake Teslin railroad and that the contractors will build the road, but that a wagon road will be first constructed. This confirms Judge Jackson's statement to the Post-Intelligencer of a recent date, which will be found on the first page of this issue.

## The W. H. PORTER CO.

RETAIL GROCERS.

Provisions of the Highest Grade Only.

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES.

Orders Called for and Delivered

NORTH FRONT ST.  
NEAR DAVIDGE'S WHARF Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

## WILLSON & SYLVESTER, WRANGEL.....

MANUFACTURERS OF

Yellow Cedar, Red Cedar and Spruce Lumber, Flooring,  
Ceiling, Rustic, Shiplap, Etc.

Shingles, Doors, Windows. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

S. FLESHAM.

D. ROSENBLUM.

## S. FLESHAM & CO.

Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruits, Stationery,  
AND NOTIONS

232 FRONT STREET.  
Opposite McKinnon's Wharf.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska

ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

## Fort Wrangel Brewery

BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

FIRST CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. Patronize a Home Industry.

## THE CASSIAR....

In front of McKinnon's Wharf  
NO. 211 FRONT STREET

## The Gentleman's Resort

LARGE ROOM, TABLES AND CHAIRS  
IN ABUNDANCE.

The Choicest Refreshments in the City

DON'T FORGET THE CASSIAR

Remember the....

## Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

GIVE US A CALL.

## DR. V. McALPIN DENTIST.

(30 years experience.)

Seward Building, rear of Wakefield & Young  
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

ON HAND DAY AND NIGHT.



# CASE & WILSON

## Family Trade a Specialty

Carry a full line of everything usually found in a general store

A FULL LINE OF INDIAN CURIOS.  
BAR SUPPLIES AND SOFT DRINKS.

Highest Price Paid for Furs

**SUBSCRIPTIONS**

ONE YEAR \$3.00  
SIX MONTHS 1.50  
THREE MONTHS .75

**Advertising Rates**  
ON APPLICATION

**THE**  
ADVERTISING MEDIUM  
OF  
SOUTHEAST ALASKA

**FIRST CLASS**  
"JOB WORK"  
A SPECIALTY

**SATISFACTION**  
GUARANTEED

### THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Thanks to J. D. St. Clair for a fine string of fresh fish.

Mosquito dope, a sure preventative. At Wrangel Drug Co.

Headquarters for fireworks at the Hunt Grocery Co., 322 Front Street.

Carbolic Acid for Disinfecting. At Wrangel Drug Co. 25 cents per pint.

It needs a good rain to bring a healthy bloom to the wells in this vicinity.

Davidge & Co. have put up a fine office building on their wharf within the past week.

Steamer Barnoff arrived last Saturday with several passengers and the mail from southwestern ports.

Mr. Frank Holtham came to the rescue of the finishing printers of the News, with a fine quarter of venison.

A fine line of photograph views of objects of interest for sale by the Wrangel Drug Co. Send one to your eastern friends.

W. H. Corbell called yesterday and with him came a fine lot of Alaska grown lettuce, for which the three orphans return thanks.

The News force is grateful to Mrs. Dr. Barnes for some delicious venison steak and veal loaf. It was a rare treat and much appreciated.

Attorney Oscar C. Stone took the senior editor of the News out for a row on the bay last Friday. We can truly report a most pleasant time.

The Monte Cristo went up the river last Friday. She had some horses, mules and general merchandise for the Cassiar Central railroad at Glenora.

Drs. Lashere and Smith and Mr. Bernard returned from a long prospecting tour last Sunday. They are looking well and the outing has agreed with them.

The Twenty-Five Thousand Club will meet at 8 o'clock this Wednesday evening at the court house. Besides the consideration of by-laws, there will be other business.

A number of our citizens have spoken to us about the unpleasant features of the butchers doing their slaughtering on Front Street. We understand this will not occur again.

The Mist took an excursion party to the Salmon river, which is about fifteen miles from the city, last Sunday. There were about twenty excursionists and they had a delightful time.

Messrs. Flesham & Co., the popular tobacconists of this city, have had a map prepared of the route between Telegraph Creek and Glenora. It is well made and shows the trail as it really is.

The Tartar played us a bad trick on her last trip up. She came in at 2 o'clock in the morning, unloaded 100 tons of freight and 44 head of stock and left for the north before the people had their breakfast.

Prof. Porter and some friends went out sailing a few days ago and took in many of the islands on the west. Prof. Porter is a graduate of the Nautical School of New York City and understands running a boat as well as any of them.

Surveyor Brown went down to Victoria on the last trip of the Tees. He returned on the same boat, stopping in that city but a day and a half. But this ain't the best of it, he brought his wife back with him. Mrs. Brown is a most excellent woman, comes from Seattle, where some of the best women on earth live, and Fort Wrangel is glad to call her one of its own. We don't know what kind of a housekeeper Mr. Brown is, but we will wager that a woman around his residence made many happy changes.

A warrant was placed in the hands of the marshal on the 23rd for the arrest of Henry Sirt, Edward Grim and George Rinearson, charging grand larceny. The facts upon which the complaint is based is for the conversion of partnership property by one of the partners, we are informed.

It was a happy surprise for Mr. R. C. Diehl, his wife and daughter, Miss Rosella, recently arrived in town to pay him a visit. They came a long way—from Montrose, Colorado. We hope they will be pleased with Fort Wrangel, and they will receive a hearty welcome from our people.

O. H. Bernard, the popular merchant, cut some wood the other day—he cut his foot also. The former was intentional, the latter was not. The injured foot is not carried in a sling, but an awful roomy slipper. Mr. Bernard told a News man that hereafter some one besides himself would cut the wood around his place.

Mr. W. H. Corbell is putting the well back of the Barnes residence in shape for the coming dry weather. This well supplies a great many people with water and Corbell is now out of pocket ten dollars in keeping it in repair for the use of the public. The people who are getting water there will not do right if they fail to reimburse him.

The Skookum, L. O. Waldo, captain, came into port last Saturday afternoon. Tug Pioneer had the Skookum in tow. She had fifty-nine horses for this place that were brought down from Skaguay. The stock will be taken up the river to Glenora to be used on the trail between that place and Lake Teslin. Ex-Gov. Austin of Minnesota owns seventeen of the horses, Lane & Harting twenty, P. H. Holloway thirteen, E. Beeletz five, Fred Mansfield two and E. McDonald two. The Skookum is a very roomy barge. Capt. Waldo informed a News man that her cargo from the Sound up was over 3000 tons dead weight. This is the first trip up for the Captain and he has enjoyed it very much. He is a most pleasant gentleman to meet and he don't have any of the swelled head in his make up.

### A Hint to the Board of Health.

If Dr. Campbell and his assistants on the board of health will harriet that large fragrant William goat that is running around town near some of those filthy Indian cabins on East Front street, it will greatly improve the condition of the atmosphere in that part of the city.

### Broke Jail.

George W. Barrett, who was in jail on a charge of burglary, made his escape one day last week. His partner in the crime also got away but was recaptured by officer Grant within a few hours. The jail is such a rickety old thing that the jailor should not be blamed. Barrett is still at large.

### The Liquor Law.

The Post-Intelligencer of the 23rd contains an editorial condemning the Alaska liquor laws. A fair investigation will lead to no other conclusion than that congress should change to high license and until then, the enforcement of the present statute should be abandoned. The editorial referred to is in line with some comment recently made in the News.

### Regular Services at Presbyterian Church.

Sunday School 10 a. m.  
Preaching to natives 11 a. m.  
Christian Endeavor 7 p. m.  
Preaching to white population 8 p. m.  
All are most cordially invited to attend all these meetings.  
Subject, next Sunday evening, July 3rd.—The Bible—its plan—purposes—claims to inspiration, and how to study it.

G. W. KENNEDY, Pastor.

## \$300.00 A DAY TO THE MAN

That Strike Reported in the News of the 15th confirmed.

A few weeks ago, the News published an interview with Mr. M. H. Saunders, of Glenora, in which he reported a rich strike in the upper country. The report was not generally believed and some few thought we should not have given the item space.

It was a grand scoop. William Abbott is the name of the man who went to Vancouver for supplies. In an interview in that city he confirms all that the News stated and places the richness of the discovery at \$37.00 to the pan which is even more than \$300.00 to the man per day. We regret that we cannot publish Mr. Abbott's statement this issue but it will appear in our next.

Look out for a grand rush when the location of the new mines is made public, and in the mean time, keep your eye on the News for the latest and most reliable information of Alaska.

### A Real Estate Deal.

There are two men in this town whose names are Reid and Wheeler. Mr. Reid is a member of the firm of Reid & Sylvester. Wheeler was in the tobacco trade. Wheeler wanted to sell his residence, for he was going out of business, and he offered it to Mr. Reid.

"How much will you take for your place?" said Reid.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," said Wheeler.

"Make out your deed and come and get your money, I will take it if we never get a railroad," replied the old-timer.

Wheeler hustled off and Henry Drum made out a deed which was duly executed. By this time Wheeler didn't want to sell as bad as he thought he did, and he went and told Mr. Reid he guessed he wouldn't sell at this time.

### Dan Bass.

Mr. Daniel Bass was in town last Monday. He was a passenger on the Cottage City. You will ask, who is Dan Bass, anyhow? Well, he is a Seattle lawyer. He was deputy in the prosecuting attorney's office for two years under Judge Miller. It was during his second term of office, and the writer was also connected with the office, and we became pretty well acquainted. Now Dan ain't very pretty, but he is awful good; in fact, one of the best fellows in the land, full of life, jolly, and as true a friend as a man ever had. He has a heart in him like the liver of a skate, and that hangs in four sections from the first stomach to the appendix. Now Dan is a good lawyer and a prosecutor never had a better, truer and more energetic assistant. He "gets there." If King county would put him in that office, the criminals would be convicted, the taxpayer wouldn't need to blush with shame over the manner in which the business was conducted. Dan hasn't never had a mother-in-law yet, but he is a prime favorite with the bright, sweet girls of Seattle. If we were to describe Dan in a few short words, we would say that he is the best boy living.

### JUDGE JACKSON.

His Vacation Ended and on Duty Again.

Judge Jackson returned from his trip to the sound cities last week. The departments at Washington gave him a leave of absence for thirty days, but he only took twelve. The old court house looks awful lonesome when the judge is gone and our people are glad to see him back again. The judge is a live, wide awake, progressive citizen, and when Fort Wrangel's friends are invoiced, there are none that will give time and money more liberally than the judge, to further her interests.

A News man found the judge in his office a few days ago and really it does one good to hear his encouraging talk concerning the future of our city. "What do you think of the future of Fort Wrangel?" said the News man.

"Fort Wrangel is all right" replied the Judge. "This is going to make the big city of Alaska and don't be afraid to tell your readers so. We will have some quiet times the same as all other places, but Fort Wrangel is going right ahead. While I was below I received information that the Canadian people are going to put the wagon road from Glenora to Lake Teslin into good condition at once, which will be followed by the construction of the railroad."

The Judge reports a pleasant time while away. He shows that the outing of even twelve days was of great benefit to him. A number of cases were awaiting his return and he is kept busy now disposing of them.

### A Free Show.

Fred Carlyon, the jeweler, has a photographic gallery running at his place and he has a fine line of photographs on exhibition. They were taken under the new process and are very handsome. Go and see them—the show is free.

\$25.00 for Uncle Sam.

Dot Reed fired a pistol out of a second story window of the Oriental hotel last Sunday night, which came very near taking effect in Capt. Adams person. She was brought before Judge Jackson. The proceedings had there were eminently satisfactory to everybody, but Dot. He charged her \$25.00, which was promptly paid.

A ball discharged from a gun or pistol on the water front this morning about 7 o'clock went crashing through Mr. F. E. Cagle's residence and missed his little boy by only a foot. There ought to be some way of stopping this promiscuous shooting.

# FORT WRANGEL

## ALASKA

## A Growing Young City,

## Great Natural Resources

On same latitude of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow and Tobolsk, and south of the great Cities of St. Petersburg and Archangel.

Wrangel is the center of an inhabitable area of 45,000 square miles rich in Timber, Fish, Coal, Petroleum, Furs, Game, Cereals, Vegetables, Small Fruits, Marble, Building Stone, Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, Copper and Sulphur.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska is comparatively mild, being influenced by the Great Japanese Current, and is much the same as the British Isles under the Gulf Stream

Transportation facilities are regular Steamship lines with the United States and Canada.

The new land law gives each settler eighty acres.

The harbor is safe, deep and commodious, is at the mouth of Stikeen river, navigable for 150 miles into the Cassiar District.

If you are interested in Southeastern Alaska, the Twenty-Five Thousand Club can give you valuable information.

For any specific information as to Land, Settlements, Manufactures, Mines, &c., &c.,

Address

G. W. KENNEDY,

Sec'y Twenty-Five Thousand Club,  
Fort Wrangel, Alaska.



## FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

McBRIDE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

The Spanish colors appropriately are red and yellow—blood and cowardice.

The Emperor of China is known as the brother of the sun, but he is not "so warm."

No matter which diplomatic shell poor old China picks up, the pea will not be under it. It isn't the Celestial's game.

Minister Polo's statement that all American newspaper men should be hanged is too sweeping. There are still a few exceptions.

Mr. Moody says it is easier to convert a man than to convert a woman. Who doubts it? There is so much more from which to convert a man.

Down in Kentucky a bank cashier has been convicted and denied a new trial. It's a poor defaulter who can't steal enough to protect himself.

"Do American wives consider their husbands merely as bread winners?" asks a London paper. If the American wife is wedded to an English duke she doesn't.

A Maryland man suddenly died the other day while laughing heartily at a joke. The dispatches do not tell what the joke was, but it must have been perfectly killing.

A California thief sold his plunder for \$14 and with the money paid an honest debt. As soon as the moral of this incident has been studied out it will be duly announced.

The other day a coroner's jury returned a verdict that "the decedent came to his death by being struck by a railroad train in the hands of a receiver." That must be a deadly weapon.

A Washington scientist wants all American subsidiary coins made of nickel, because they would be "durable and velvety to the touch." There's the rub! What is really needed is a coin that is hard to the "touch."

"Ever since I was a child," remarks Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, "I have felt an overwhelming sense of responsibility for the universe." Perhaps that is why Mrs. Burnett has grown tired of assuming the responsibility of a husband.

A candidate for the office of Governor in a Southern State has a single plank in his platform: "Simple, undiluted, unpurchasable, unbulldozable manhood." An excellent working summary for every one, candidate or voter.

The extraordinary safety of the mails is illustrated in the history of the Round Robin of the class of '44 Yale, which in fifty-three years of travel across the continent one hundred and fifty times and journeyed more than five hundred thousand miles without once being lost.

Spain has now a population of about 19,000,000 people, and of these, according to a recent report of the Spanish Government, nearly 8,000,000 profess no occupation. Grandees and beggars alike disclaim the pious virtue of daily toil. There are nearly 100,000 registered beggars, half of them females, in this poor little land, and one-third of the entire population is entirely unlettered. The "ancient social cancer" of contempt for work and workers has eaten the life from Spain.

One man with a brace of pistols and the inclination to use them put to flight five bandits who stopped a train in New Mexico the other week. Here is now support for the theory that a little ordinary courage displayed by passengers, train crews and express messengers will furnish all needed protection against the ruffians who so often succeed in duplicating on land the achievements of the old sea rovers. There is not the faintest excuse for the docility almost invariably shown when trains and stages are attacked.

One result of the financial depression—one of the good things that often come out of evil—has been the back-to-the-land movement among urban people. The illusions that drew thousands from the farms to the cities have been shattered by the hard conditions entailed by the panic. The vital, ever-present, inescapable necessities of life are bread and butter, and these the city can give only at second hand. Whatever storms may strew the industrial sea with wreck, food, shelter and clothing are assured to the man on the farm, while the idle workman of the city must walk the streets in vain search for work.

It has long been the fashion to place upon menu and dinner cards sketches and quotations to suggest topics of conversation, but Parisian hostesses have adopted an opposite course. Their formula reads, "While sitting at table,

speaking on the subject of the Dreyfus question is forbidden." In like fashion Catherine II. once posted on the walls of the Hermitage: "It is forbidden to have an ill-tempered air, to exchange unkind words, to speak ill of any one whatever. All quarrels must be left at the door with hat and sword." How beautiful to be a dictator! Yet even in this land of free speech, the De Lome indiscretion suggests the wisdom of dictatorship over one's own tongue.

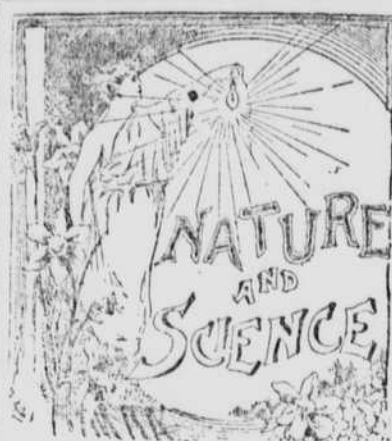
Why does not this great country have a national air? Not something borrowed or paraphrased from abroad, but an air of its own—original, characteristic, stirring, full of life and motion. What we want is something simple, bold, a swing, a dash, a clear, shrill, penetrating clarion note that rings like a wild bell in the night and turns men pale with fervor. Why can we not have a battle song of our own? Why must we content ourselves with tepid messes borrowed from abroad, with dressed-up pious lamentations, with dismal chants and dirges? We are young, we are strong, we are full of virility and fire. Give us something that speaks for our splendid, palpitating nationality—something that jumps with our free stride and passionate ambition!

Illinois was the second State in the production of coal last year, the total product being 29,072,758 tons, valued at the mines at \$14,472,520, or an average of 72 cents a ton. Pennsylvania stood at the head of the list, with a product of 53,842,900 tons of bituminous, valued at \$37,364,496, an average cost of 70 cents a ton at the mines. It will surprise people to learn that West Virginia stands third in coal production of all the United States, her total reaching 13,556,978 tons, valued at \$8,637,617, an average of 64 cents a ton at the mines, which was the lowest of any State in the Union. Ohio coal cost an average of 78 cents, and, although the total was 13,400,000 tons less than was mined in West Virginia, it sold for nearly \$1,000,000 more money. Alabama stands number five in the order of production. Then come Iowa, Maryland and Indiana. Coal is mined in twenty-nine States and Territories, and the national product last year was 198,276,788 tons, valued at \$198,694,707, or nearly \$1 a ton at the mines. Of this 52,122,408 tons was anthracite, produced in Pennsylvania alone. The average cost of mining anthracite was \$1.65 a ton, and the average cost of bituminous was \$1 cents. Out in Oregon they pay \$3.11 a ton for mining coal, in Nebraska \$3.54 and in California \$2.25. The increase in the tonnage sent out last year was a little more than 3 per cent., while the anthracite product decreased nearly 2,250,000 tons.

On the shores of North Lubec, a little town in eastern Maine, there has been established an enterprise that seems to suggest limitless possibilities. It is a "plant" for extracting from sea-water, by a secret process, the single grain of gold which every ton contains. Since the undertaking is novel, all the appliances are necessarily crude; but even now the yield of gold is said to be remunerative. As a business proposition it seems, at first thought, an absurdity to "treat" a ton of water for the sake of a grain of gold. Manifestly, however, the enterprise would be subject to the same general conditions that determine, say, the advisability of mining low-grade ores. And the marine miner, if we may so speak, has the advantage of an exhaustless "claim" for the total mass of sea-water is estimated at nearly one-and-a-half million-million-millions tons. The new experiment is not only interesting in itself; it is significant, as a probable prelude to other efforts to recover the riches held in this mighty reservoir. No one but the scientist can comprehend the wealth of the waters—and even he hesitates to attempt to measure it. But he is able to name, in addition to gold, more than twenty valuable components of the ocean salts. These, besides the chlorides and sulphides of sodium, magnesium, potassium and calcium, which are the principal components, include arsenic, lithium, rubidium, caesium, silicon, boric acid, bromine, iodine, fluorine as acid, and the oxides of nickel, cobalt, manganese, aluminum, zinc, silver, lead, copper, barium and strontium as basic compounds. Should circumstances ever seem to call for the utilization of these treasures, science will find the way. It is likely, indeed, that long before the need of them arises, commercial enterprise will have been attracted to this new field of exploitation which is capable of adding so largely to the wealth of the world. There have been pessimists who argued that in the distant future increasing population might exhaust natural resources. They did not realize that man has but just begun to get acquainted with his dwelling-place. The sea, as well as the land, may some day satisfy all the needs that are known to the present age, and meet new demands of which we do not even dream.

**Disinfect the Books.** Health Commissioner Wende is at present engaged on a plan whereby books in circulation at the Buffalo public library and the public schools may be disinfected.

Cupid introduces more house bills than all our Congressmen.



Experiments with formalin vapor as a disinfectant of books have proved its efficacy. Books infected with scarlet fever and erysipelas germs were exposed under a glass bell jar in which a saucer of formalin was placed. Fifteen minutes' exposure to an atmosphere containing one three-hundredth of its volume of the vapor was sufficient to kill the germs.

For years the St. Gothard tunnel has been famous as the longest in the world, extending nearly nine and a half miles. The glory of this tunnel is about to depart, as the longest tunnel is about to be constructed in England. It is to be on the line of the London and North-western Railway Company, which has decided to bore through the steep incline known as Shapfall, with which travelers to Scotland are more or less familiar.

Consul Deuster at Crefeld, Germany, reports to the State Department a discovery made there which, it is said, will revolutionize the methods of illumination. It is an incandescent gas. A single jet of ordinary size can emit a light of much more than 1,000 candle-power, the line print can be read at a distance of 100 feet. The inventor says the cost for a light of 1,500 candle-power is only 1/2 cents per hour, while that of an ordinary electric light of 400 candle-power is 14 cents per hour.

It is now generally recognized that no more forcible example of the value of labor as against the raw material can be cited than that demonstrated by the manufacture of watch springs. Hair springs have been manufactured of only one-tenth of a grain weight, or, in other words, out of one pound of iron as many as 50,000 of these delicate springs have been made, the value of which was 100,000 times as much as that of the raw material employed in their manufacture.

On the approach of a thunder storm French peasants often make up a very smoky fire, says Industries and Iron, in the belief that safety from lightning is thus assured. By some this is deemed a superstition, but Schuster shows that the custom is based on reason, inasmuch as the smoke acts as a good conductor for carrying away the electricity slowly and safely. He points out that in one thousand cases of damage by lightning, 6.3 churches and 8.5 mills have been struck, while the number of factory chimneys has only been 0.3.

Not long since a beautiful white fox terrier was injured by a wagon while chasing a rat. The wheels passed over one of her slender paws, crushing it terribly, but the plucky little creature held on to the rat and shook the life out of it before she crept, moaning, to her master. He immediately carried her to a surgeon, who amputated her leg above the first joint. For days the little creature's sufferings were intense and she was nursed like a baby. When the wound healed, her master had a cork leg made for her, which she used with ease.

It has been remarked that the negroes in sugar-cane regions depend to a considerable extent upon the juice of the cane for nourishment. By the use of Mosso's ergograph, Doctor Harley found that sugar promoted muscular power wonderfully. On a fasting day it increased his ability to work 61 to 76 per cent. Taking ordinary meals, he found that 8 1/2 ounces per day increased his work capacity 22 to 36 per cent. In these days, when athletes are so much inclined to use special stimulants for immediate preparation for their contests, it might be interesting to try sugar as a substitute for the possibly injurious preparations sometimes in vogue.

**Easily Remedied.** Mamma—I'm afraid that young Wilder will not make you a good husband, Clara! Clara—Why not, mamma? Mamma—It seems to me that he rather neglects his personal appearance. Clara—Yes, that's true, mamma, and I'm glad you mentioned it. I'll see that he makes his personal appearance here every evening after this, instead of only twice a week.

**Settling.** Boarder (with asperity)—If I were to suggest I would say you might better have used one of these eggs you have scrambled to make the coffee settle. Landlady (with more)—I don't care to waste eggs on coffee.—Detroit Journal.

Sympathy often moves the people when patriotism fails; sympathy caused the late war.

## THINGS SEEN ON TRAINS.

Conductors Know Certain Occasions as Freak Nights and Look for Them.

"Freak night on a railroad train." The conductor of the express for New York, which leaves the Reading terminal every morning five minutes after midnight, spoke slowly. "There's not many people know what freak night is; hardly anyone but we conductors, and then mighty few of us. But it's a fact that certain trains on certain days of the week have 'freak nights.' It's so regular that you know when to expect it. It's sure to come.

"It's this way," continued the conductor. "On this midnight to New York emigrant tickets good on the smoking car are issued at a reduced rate. Six nights of the week we have just the poorer people that wait all day, sit in the car all night and are waked in New York at 4 o'clock in the morning, all for the opportunity of going over for a half dollar cheaper. They're the kind of people you see everywhere and anywhere on the streets. But on one night of the week, just as regular as death or taxes, all the queer fish that are traveling around seem to gather together on one train. They are people you would stop and look at when they passed you. They are very fat, very thin or very drunk; funny looking people, ugly people; in fact, 'freaks.' They never travel without each other. You don't see one freak in a car load of ordinary people. All are plain, everyday people, or else all are freaks. It's got so that I can predict what a train load is going to be. If I see one or two ordinary people getting on, why I know it's an ordinary night; but if I see one of these freaks, then I know I'll have only freaks. They generally come Saturday or Monday nights, but there is no rule. Sometimes we won't have any for a month, and then we'll have three or four 'freak' nights together. In 1896 I counted we had between forty and fifty—about one night a week, you see. If you'll come into the smoker I'll show you, for it's freak night to-night."

There were five people only in the car. Freaks don't carry heavy baggage as a rule. Away up in front a stout man was embracing a friend, and both were singing the German welcome song, "Hail! Hail!" for all it was worth. "You don't see anything peculiar in that maybe, but I'll show you." "Stop that singing," he said, loudly. "There's a woman in the car and she wants to sleep." Both men turned around. They were unmistakably Irish. "And singing a German song, too," chuckled the conductor. Two others in the car had "freak" written all over them. One was a man who must have been six inches over six feet tall. He was thin and dressed in rusty black. He had turned over the seat ahead of him and, by putting his feet up, had elevated his knees, thin and gaunt, two feet above his head. The other was a strange looking foreigner, remarkable for his ugliness. Belonging to some Eastern race, he was dressed in ordinary clothes, which did not fit him. His face was pitted and a hardlip drew his mouth into an evil position. At first glance he seemed to have no nose, so small, so sunken was it. "Wouldn't like to meet him on a country road at night," said the conductor.

There was one other person in the car, a woman, one of those small, swarthy Italians who patronize the owl trains so often. "No, there's nothing freakish about that woman on first sight. But come up here with me." He led the way to the woman. "Look there," he said. On one arm the woman held a baby, on the other arm another baby; on the seat a third baby. They were triplets. "So you see it's freak night," said the conductor, genially. "It's a good thing for you you didn't get in that smoking car."

An inquiry among the conductors of trolley cars had revealed the curious fact that the same conditions prevail there. They, too, have "freak nights," although but once a month on the average. Just as on the railroad, the freaks travel only at night in the "owl" cars. They are never seen with ordinary people, but flock together. Although they have this affinity for each other, their neighbors' peculiarities never have any interest for them. They have occupied the center of interest too long; they are too accustomed to being wondered at. So they never wonder themselves.—Philadelphia Times.

**How He Got Out.** "Yes," observed the sweet girl, "I always liked Charlie Hockins very much. He's always so willing to put himself out for the accommodation of others." "Well," replied the young man, "that may be your idea of it, but he didn't seem very ready to put himself out for the accommodation of others when we met here last Sunday evening. In fact, he didn't put himself out at all. I simply had to freeze him out."—Cleveland Leader.

**Inviting Ostracism.** Mabel—I wonder what's come between Myrtle Seymour and Tom Sedgwick? Mildred—Oh, haven't you heard? He openly declares that he doesn't intend to get a chainless wheel this year.

We notice that girls with steadies never have fascinating girls come to visit them.



Younger sister (sentimentally)—"They say love is blind." Elder sister—"And dumb, too, I think."—Bazar.

"I declare Mrs. Squidig is as pretty as a picture," remarked Mr. M'Swilligen. "No wonder," replied his wife; "she is hand-painted."

"I heard that the crowd hooted you when you appeared at the Pedlington Theater Royal." "False, me boy, false," replied the eminent tragedian. "All false. There was no crowd."—Household Words.

His Blunder—"Ah, I see I have conveyed a wrong impression," said the young man who had mistakenly kissed the young woman's maiden aunt in the darkened hallway as he came in.—Chicago Tribune.

He—"What is called society has a good many high-handed ways that I don't like." She—"Goodness gracious, weren't you aware that the elevated handshake had gone clear out of style?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"One big trouble 'bout runnin' dis here world," said Uncle Eben, "is dat it's de man who hones'ly realizes de full importance ob a responsibility dat is mos' likely to be a little shy ob acceptin' it."—Washington Star.

"Mr. Showman," said an inquiring individual at the menagerie, "can the leopard change his spots?" "Yes, sir," replied the individual who stirs up the wild beasts; "when he is tired of one spot he goes to another."—Tit-Bits.

Tommy (at the dinner table)—"Mr. Johnson, are you blind?" Mr. Johnson—"No, my boy. Why do you ask?" Tommy—"Why, nothin', only sister said you'd get your eyes opened if you married that Grindler girl."—Tit-Bits.

Ogden—"I should think you would want to get rid of that dog of yours. They say he howls in a most agonizing manner at night." Sykes—"Nothing against the dog in that, is there? I ain't home nights."—Boston Transcript.

First Arctic Explorer—"I have always considered Columbus a somewhat over-estimated man." Second Arctic Explorer—"Why?" First Arctic Explorer—"He discovered America the first time he went to look for it."—Puck.

Usher—"Complaint is being made as to that bonnet in the third box." Manager—"What's the matter with it?" Usher—"Several ladies on the opposite side of the house claim it is so swell they can't see the stage."—Chicago Chronicle.

Success in Argument—"I understand she is very successful in argument." "Well, I should say so. Why, at our debating club last week, she was still talking when every one of those opposing her was completely tired out."—Chicago Post.

At Variance.—Precocious Juvenile—"Mamma, it isn't good grammar to say 'after I,' is it?" His Mother—"No, George." Precocious Juvenile—"Well, the letter J comes after I. Which is wrong, the grammar or the alphabet?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Why do you think old Gotrocks is as rich as he claims to be?" "Because I saw him eating a 20-cent lunch yesterday and he didn't try to hide the waiter's check. Only a man whose position is impregnable could afford to take such a chance as that."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mrs. Green—"What bad-behaved children those are of the Briggses! It was disgraceful the way they fought over the last piece of cake at the table last evening." Mrs. Browne—"That's queer. My children never begin quarreling till the last piece is gone."—Boston Transcript.

"No," said the rich old bachelor, "I never could find time to marry." "Well," replied the young woman with the sharp tongue, "I am not surprised to hear you say so. It certainly would have taken a good while to persuade any girl to have you."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Great Picture-buyer (to hostess)—"What do you think of an artist who painted cobwebs on the ceiling so truthfully that the servant went herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?" Hostess (a woman of experience)—"There may have been such an artist, but there never was such a servant."—Tit-Bits.

"This watch," began the man. "Yes," interrupted the watchmaker, seizing it and rapidly opening it. "I see; it wants thoroughly cleaning, and—" "Why," roared the man, "that's the new watch my wife bought here yesterday, and I want to exchange it for a larger size." "Oh—ah—um—yes. Certainly, sir," mumbled the watchmaker.—Fun.

"You seem to have omitted all description of your heroine's looks," said the publisher. "Yes," said the author, moodily, "I had a lot of stuff about her looks, but as soon as you told me you were determined to have the story illustrated by Glibston I cut it out. He'd make her look the same, no matter how I described her."—Indianapolis Journal.



## SCIENCE OF A COAL FIRE.

Here Are a Few Simple Rules Founded on General Principles.



WHEN people begin to burn hard coal, says Good House-keeping, they usually go through a series of perplexities and mishaps which may be escaped by observing a few simple rules founded on general principles. Gas escapes from the fire into the rooms of the house; explosions and the bursting of flame and smoke into one's face upon opening the door of the stove or heater need not occur; the escape of gas up the chimney should not be allowed, as this is a serious loss of fuel. First, as soon as a suitable quantity of good kindlings are burning so as to produce a good flame apply coal enough to make a base for the fire after the kindlings shall have been consumed, but not enough to smother the flame. The heat beneath freshly applied coal generates gas; a flame supported by a small direct draft of air should come at once in contact with this gas, then a blue flame will creep over the surface of the coal and the gas will be burned, greatly economizing the fuel and saving the annoyances referred to above. The next application of coal should be made as soon as that first applied is well ignited, and with the same precaution as to quantity.

By covering the fire all out of sight a reservoir of gas is obtained, filling the open space above the coal; some of this gas may escape into the house, some of it may pass up the chimney and be lost, but when the fire has burned up through the freshly applied coal and comes in contact with this reservoir of gas the most natural thing in the world under the circumstances is an explosion, which is the cause of fire and smoke bursting into one's face on opening the door into the fire at this critical time.

For heating purposes best results are obtained by keeping a liberal quantity of coal burning, regulating the heat by the draft. To run the heater with only one application of coal per day will usually result in a shivering for the first few hours, with the evils of an atmosphere polluted with gas while the dull fire is warming up the coal, and then in having more heat than is desirable, an economy of care and labor at the expense of fuel, comfort and health.

## YOUNGEST TRICK RIDER.

Six-Year-Old Berlin Boy Gives Remarkable Wheel Exhibitions.

The youngest trick rider in the world is said to be Master Arthur Chokowski, a 6-year-old Berlin boy, who has already given exhibitions in the German theaters.

"Little Arthur," as he is called, fell into the trick-riding habit by accident, so to speak. His father was an acrobat and juggler, but had no intention of having his son follow in his footsteps. One day, however, before the small boy



YOUNGEST OF TRICK RIDERS.

was out of his bibs and skirts he astonished his parents by his mimicry of his father's feats. He developed such an astonishing ability, both as a gymnast and a mimic, that it occurred to his father about a year ago to make him a trick bicyclist. The youngster has succeeded so remarkably that all Berlin raves over his performances.

## THE ICE BEAR.

He Lives on Seal Meat and His Curiosity Is Unbounded.

The ice bear's curiosity is so great that he likes to stick his snout into your tent or boat, says the National Magazine. He rummages everything he gets hold of. He breaks open all packages and tins that fall in his way, and when he gets a good chance makes a frightful wreck of a camp or tent. The ice bear lives on the seal, and in catching the seal he is a great adept. One day we watched a bear for an hour while he was trying to capture a fat whale which was sunning himself near his hole in the ice. The bear first went around to the leeward, so that the seal might not smell him, for the nose of the seal is as keen as that of the bear himself. Then he hid himself behind a hummock of ice and peered out from its corner to see if his prey were

still there and quiet. With remarkable skill he passed from behind one ice hummock to another, all the time getting nearer and nearer his victim. At length he came so close that he did not dare walk, but lay flat on his belly and pushed himself along with his hind legs.

Coming still nearer to the sleeping seal, the hungry bear adopted a ruse which shows that in his big white skull there is brain enough to do a little reasoning. Realizing that though all of his body but his nose is white and not easily discerned against a background of ice and snow, his snout is very black and therefore likely to be detected by the seal, because of the contrasting color, what did the bear do but place one of his white paws over his black nose and push himself nearer and nearer to his dinner? When within thirty or forty feet of the seal the bear made a mighty bound or two and pounced with great fury upon the spot where the seal had been only a moment before. But by this time the wary seal had plunged into his hole and was safe in the depths of the sea. Nothing could exceed the rage of the bear. He thrust his nose far down the seal hole. He bellowed and tore at his fur with his claws. He picked up pieces of ice and threw them high in the air. He was simply beside himself with anger and disappointment. Finally he wandered away, reluctantly turning now and then to look regretfully at the hole through which his dinner had escaped.

## WINTER GIRL AWHEEL.

Progressive Toronto Young Women Use the Bicycle Sleigh.

In Toronto there are several progressive young women who use the bicycle sleigh, as the latest invention in the bicycling line is called.

It glides as smoothly over the ice and



ON HER BICYCLE SLEIGH.

snow as the regular wheel does over the asphalt roads. It is designed for use in ice rinks as well as in climates where a reasonable amount of snow and ice may be counted upon the winter through. Some adventurous spirits are going to try it in the Klondike.

But for the ordinary daisies it is enough to know that there is a new wheel which runs on skates, as it were, and which will permit her to wear, with entire appropriateness, a costume combining the dash of a skating dress and the comfort of a bicycle costume. —New York Journal.

## Saber Cut in a Skull.

Dr. William B. Fletcher has a grim souvenir of the work of a famous surgeon, the Baron Larrey, whom Napoleon remembered in his will with a gift of 100,000 francs, and the tribute "to Larrey, my surgeon, the most virtuous man I have ever known."

The relic is the upper part of the skull, the calvarium, and shows a saber cut extending from the junction of the occipital and parietal bones forward to the orbital ridge on the right side.

"I well knew the man whose skull this was," said the doctor, turning the calvarium in his hand. "He was a German—I have forgotten his name—and lived in this city many years, dying about 1875, at the age of 80 years. He took care of horses for Dr. Parvin and myself along about 1865, and also sawed wood to earn his living."

"He was taken care of by the Catholic sisters here in a hospital during the last years of his life, and as he had saved his earnings, small though they were, he left them a small farm in Kansas at his death."

"He was a German in the French army, and received this terrible cut from a Russian saber, as he told me, during the retreat from Moscow in 1812. He told me that Baron Larrey operated on him. He was about 17 years old at the time, and though his life was saved, he was partially paralyzed on one side ever after, and dragged one foot until the day of his death."

"Here is where Baron Larrey, 85 years ago, trephined the skull and lifted up the depressed bone to relieve the brain. The orifice and the saber cut through the skull both closed up with a membrane like a drum head." —Indianapolis News.

## An Ambiguous Term.

Tommy—Paw, teacher wants us to give a definition of a patriot.

Mr. Figg—Well, a patriot is a man who does something for his country, or does his country for something. I am not just sure which. —Indianapolis Journal.

It is not difficult for a man to be a woman's ideal if he lives in another State.

## MAKING DELICATE WIRES.

Some So Small that No Gauge Can Measure Them.

Gold wire is mentioned in connection with the decoration of the sacerdotal robes of Aaron, it is true, yet the oldest pieces of wire of which the world has any knowledge, says Science Staffings, is a specimen made by the Ninevites some 800 years B. C. Solid gold drawn wire is now practically unknown in the trade. However, gold wire is made in the following manner: Silver rods are coated with gold in proportion of 2 per cent. of gold to the weight of silver to be manipulated. When the gilding is performed the rods are about one and three-fourths inches in diameter by two feet six inches long and weigh about 400 ounces each. The two metals are then drawn down together, first through steel dies and afterward through rubber or diamonds. The process of drawing the wire is kept a secret. A better idea of the minuteness of some of these borings may, however, be learned from the fact that the holes cannot be discerned by the naked eye, and only by the aid of a magnifying glass can one be convinced that they really exist.

For the manufacture of silver and silver gilt wires, the silver is sometimes bored out and internal copper rods inserted, and they are then drawn together. Wires as fine as a human hair, for example, .003 of an inch in diameter, and even finer, can be gauged by instruments termed "micrometers." The scales for weighing the gold coin at the mint are so exquisitely fine they can detect the most minute particle added to either side of the balance. There are fine woven wire gauzes and cloth, some of which are made with as many as 40,000 meshes to the square inch.

The more delicate classes of wires find application in scientific instruments. So fine are these that it is difficult to get them measured; but the task has been accomplished, and platinum wire has been drawn to 17,000 of an inch, and to even greater fineness. Aluminum wire has been drawn as fine as 10,500 yards to the ounce, a size too fine to be practically measured by any gauge or instrument. While mentioning practical examples of fine-drawn wires, it may be stated that iron has been attenuated so that over two and a half miles in length only weighed one ounce. Again, twenty-four grains of gold have been drawn on a silver wire to a length of 120 miles.

## The Sense of Smell.

The sense of smell is apparently universal, but stronger in animals than in man. The lowest orders smell with their mouths, insects smell by their hairs, fishes smell in water, and the keenness of the power of smell in dogs and in savages is well known. Humboldt says that the Peruvian Indians could tell in the darkest night whether a person approaching was a European, a negro or an American Indian.

In those who are deprived of the other senses, the power of analyzing odors is sometimes abnormally developed. The Scotch boy, James Mitchell, a blind deaf-mute, could distinguish the individuals in a room into which he was led. John Mossman, a deaf-mute of Parkersburg, W. Va., was able to locate oil wells with the certainty of a setter finding partridges. His nose brought him a fortune of \$500,000 as fees for professional smelling.

Very possibly a dog might be taught to "stand" a nugget of gold in the frozen soil of Alaska, as dogs find truffles in Perigord, for metals have a characteristic smell. It is probable that everything gives off a characteristic effluvia, though our sense is not delicate enough to detect the most subtle ones. Some gases, like hydrogen, have no odor, others like chlorine, a very perceptible one.

There is a general idea that a body must possess a molecular weight fifteen times as great as that of hydrogen before it can affect the olfactory nerves of human beings, but even that needs confirmation. We frequently confound taste and smell, and it is said that no one can distinguish an onion from apple by taste alone. —Hartford Courant.

## I Kissed the Cook.

I kissed the cook—ah me, she was divine! Checks peachy, dark brown eyes, lips red as wine;

Long apron with a bow, A cap as white as snow— By far too tempting; so, I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook, this angel from the skies, And yet, I did not take her by surprise.

"Twas mean, I will allow, But if you'll take the vow To keep it, I'll tell you how I kissed the cook."

I kissed the cook—poor, helpless little lass, The chance so good I could not let it pass. Her hands were in the dough;

She dare not spoil, you know, My Sunday suit, and so I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook. I might have been more strong, But then I guess it wasn't very wrong.

For, just 'tween you and me, The cook's my wife, is she, So I'd a right, you see, to kiss the cook. —What to Eat.

Enjoyment is the sweet satisfaction of knowing that your income is more than you can possibly spend.

## ERRORS MADE BY PRINTERS.

Some Lachrymose Mistakes Committed in the Composing-Room.

"What is this?" exclaimed a compositor who was expecting to be promoted to a proofreadership, shortly. "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks!" Impossible! He means, of course, "Sermons in books and stones in the running brooks." And a new reading of Shakespeare appeared next morning. A sporting compositor thought "Cricket on the Hearth" must be a slip of the pen. He made it "Cricket on the Heath." A writer on angling had the joy of seeing his sentence, "The young salmon are beginning to run," printed, "The young salmon are beginning to swim," another thoughtful compositor having been at work. Happier was the transformation of the sentence, "Bring me my toga," into "Bring me my togs."

There is a less subtle vein of humor in the story of the editor who wrote during an election, "The battle is now opened." The compositor spelled "battle" with an "e," and the other side said, of course, that they had suspected it from the first. It was by a similar mistake that the late Baker Pasha, who might fairly be described as a "battle-scarred veteran," was called a "bottle-scarred veteran," the label being by no means purged when the newspaper called the gallant officer a "bottle-scarred veteran." Owing to an error in printing the announcement, "A sailor, going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," became "A sailor going to see his wife deserves the prayers of the congregation." It is not necessary to believe this in order to enjoy it. The statement, "Messrs. —'s preserves cannot be beaten," was rather vitiated as an advertisement by the omission of "B" in the last word. Innocently gay was the newspaper report which said that the London express had knocked down a cow and cut it into "calves." —Gosta Typographical.

## ALTON'S EXPENSIVE BOY.

Taxpayers Put Up Nearly \$1,200 a Year for His Schooling.

It costs the public of Alton, Ill., \$1,186.08 annually to educate one black boy. This is the largest sum ever expended by the public

on the education of one simple individual. His name is Arthur Odey. For him a teacher is employed at \$270 per annum, for him a principal is engaged at \$315 per annum, to keep his school-rooms in order a janitor is kept at a yearly expenditure of \$135, and to prevent Arthur from getting cold \$50 is expended on fuel. The interest on the \$5,344 that it cost to build the handsome two-story brick schoolhouse in which he is taught amounts to \$416.08. Thus the total cost of the schooling of this one child is \$1,186.08.

Arthur is a quiet little chap of 8 years, as black as the fabled Egyptian darkness, with big round eyes that look out upon the world without the least sign of astonishment or concern at the extravagance of his education. That he drinks in knowledge at the public expense at the rate of \$30.41 per week, or \$608 per day, is no cause of wonder to him. It has not been charged that his teachers quarrel over which shall instruct him, but it is a known fact that he has to furnish the excitement for the school, because he is the only scholar in the new Lovejoy school, erected solely for the colored children.

## The Grave of Eve.

At Jiddah in Arabia, the Mohammedans locate the grave of Eve. A small temple, utterly out of proportion to the Moslem conception of the first woman (they claim she was 200 feet tall) is erected above the ashes. The structure is in bad repair, and if it rained often in Arabia, Mother Eve would have a rather damp resting place. As it is, a big palm tree has forced its way through the roof. The spot is the mecca of a seven-year pilgrimage.

On June 3, which is alleged to be the anniversary of the death of Abel, the doors of the temple remain open all night. On that night the spirit of Eve mourns for the loss of her murdered son. In fear and trembling the pilgrims listen to awful sounds of lamentation emanating from the tomb.

There are usually in the throng one or two scoffers, who claim to recognize the voices of the priests in the doleful wails, but their opinions do not carry weight with the majority.

## Severe Attack of Piety.

The Dog-faced Boy—The Human Ostrich appears to be getting very religious.

The Albino Girl—Yes, he wouldn't eat anything but stained cathedral glass for his dinner.—New York Evening World.

"Nope," said Mr. Rockwell, as he wiped his glasses, "I'm afraid John's college education ain't goin' to do him much good, after all." "Why, Silas," his anxious wife cried, "what makes you say that?" "He admitted in the store yesterday that there was still a few things I knew more about than him." —Cleveland Leader.



He wrote his first poem at seven; At thirty he published a book— Not poetry—He had got wisdom— A volume on "Aids to the Cook." —Philadelphia North American.

She—Did you see that bird of paradise on Mrs. Styles' hat at the theater last night? He—That wasn't what the fellow who sat behind her called it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Passay—Everybody says my daughter got her beauty from me. What do you say to that? Mr. Witta—Well, I think it was very unkind of her to take it from you.—Up to Date.

"One 'er de troubles 'bout dis here life," said Uncle Eben, "is dat by de time a man hab a readizin' sense dat he arter learn sumpin', he feels like he's too old ter staht in." —Washington Star.

Mr. Figg—"Happy is the country that has no history"—do you understand that, Tommy? Tommy—I guess it means the kids are happy, 'cause they don't have to study it.—Indianapolis Journal.

Bostonian—Is this friend that you wish to bring to dinner much of a raconteur? Chicago Man—Blamed if I know; but, say, you'll die laughin' if we get him to tellin' stories. Cleveland Leader.

Willie—Parker's salary was doubled a short time ago, so I hear. Wallace—Yes, it was; but it got him in lots of trouble. Willie—How's that? Wallace—His wife found it out.—Town Topics.

Hungry Higgins—What do you think of this here foot-ball, anyway? Weary Watkins—There is something in it called a rush line, ain't they? "Yas." "Well, that ain't my line." —Indianapolis Journal.

Deacon Hamby—We're going to have a reformed prizefighter talk at the temperance meeting Thursday night. The Deacon's Son—How is it possible that he can be reformed if he still talks? —Chicago News.

"I got tired writing jokes lay after day," said the amateur humorist. "Don't you care," replied his friend consolingly. "Think how 'ired the people are who read them." —Philadelphia North American.

"I asked the young woman in front of me to remove her big hat, so I could see the stage." "Did she do it?" "No; she said if she held her hat in her lap she couldn't see the stage herself." —Chicago Record.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben "dar wouldn't be so much objection to a man habbin' his own opinion of he didn't persist in givin' aroun' an' tryin' ter gib ebberybody else a clear title to it." —Washington Star.

"Great men," remarked the thoughtful youth, "are frequently misunderstood by the public." "That," replied Senator Sorghum, gravely, "is very true. And mighty lucky it is for some of them." —Washington Star.

Jay Green (sourly)—If them people don't do different about it, blamed if I'll go to the party to-morrow night. Josh Medders—What do you want 'em to do in order to get you to go? Jay Green—Invite me.—Boston Traveler.

"You mean to tell me that you don't think foot-ball ought to be suppressed? Just look how many get maimed and killed in the game." "It doesn't maim and kill anybody except foot-ball players." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I won't submit to being turned away," said the disappointed arrival at the hotel. "See here—I'm flush." And he displayed a roll of bills. "I know," responded the clerk; "but I've got a full house." —Philadelphia North American.

Old Gentleman (dictating indignant letter)—"Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts." —Brooklyn Life.

Different Point of View—"Well, what's the use of arguing?" said the shiftless individual; "talk is cheap." "My dear sir," said the taxpayer, "did you never take into consideration the actual cost of a session of Congress?" —Chicago News.

Willie Smith was playing with the Jones boys. His mother called him: "Willie, don't you know those are bad boys for you to play with?" "Yes, mother," said Willie, "I know that, but then I am a good boy for them to play with." —Household Words.

"I never knew," remarked the casual reader, "what poets mean by 'the spell of imagination' until to-day." "How did you find out?" "Happened to notice how some of the dialect writers imagine words are pronounced in certain parts of the country." —Washington Star.

Farmer Hayrick (distressedly)—Wotcher wantin' giv a divorce fer, Mandy? Hain't I allus treated yer right? His Wife (discontentedly)—Thet yer hev, Silas, an' I stan' willin' ter give a recommend, but, yer see, it's this way, I want er like other people.—New York Journal.



# THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

A Grist of the Week's Local News Dished Up for the Special Benefit of Our Readers by News Reporters.

Rinearson, the attorney, has gone. He will probably locate in Skagway.

Lieutenant Rinearson resigned from the service in Co. A of the Alaska militia and L. L. Scott has been elected to succeed him.

The tug Ernest A. Hamil came into port one week ago today and tied up at the McKinnon wharf. She left with the river boats Friday morning.

Collector Ivey has gone to St. Michaels, taking with him a number of deputies and inspectors. He will be gone about 90 days, according to reports.

Mr. Lowell, a prominent farmer of King county, Washington, and Ed. Terry, of Skagway, friends of the writer, were passengers up on the Utopia Friday.

The Utopia called at the McKinnon wharf last Friday afternoon. She remained one hour. Five horses and some freight and passengers were left here.

Mr. Johnson, who has been engaged in the construction of the Troup wharf in this city, went down to Vancouver on the Athenian last week. He will return in a few weeks.

The painters are putting the finishing touches on Patchin's new residence a few doors south of the News office. It is a large, well built, substantial residence, in fact one of the very best in the city.

Mrs. Bates, wife of Attorney Bates, was a passenger up on the Seattle last week. Bro. Bates wears a more cheerful look since his better half arrived. He hopes she may be pleased with her new home.

"Dad" Strouse, the popular tobacconist, dropped into the News office last Friday. He has a splendid trade and has no "kick" against dull times. His jovial, good natured disposition has made him hosts of friends.

A couple of fellows wanted to fight one day last week. They looked over the town, and not being able to conveniently find a secluded place upon which to raise a disturbance, the combat was postponed indefinitely.

Deputy Marshal Grant, Attorney Oscar C. Stone and Howard Stone, the contractor and builder, were down at the News headquarters one day last week. The sense of danger is keenly developed in the News force and the doors and windows were securely barred while they were in that end of town.

Judge Louis K. Pratt, of Denver, Col., we understand was a passenger up on the Seattle last week and intends to stop at Skagway and engage in the practice of law. He is a very bright lawyer and he held the position of district judge in Kansas for four years. The News wishes him an abundance of success.

Three rattling good fellows, Wakefield, Kruse and Williams, went hunting last week on the islands fifteen miles west and returned Friday morning well supplied with game, consisting of three deer, an eagle and one duck. The latter was lame, and the boys don't care to have much said about it.

The News office was honored by a friendly call from Dr. Campbell last Friday. The doctor has been here for about one year and has a good practice. We should have said in our last issue that Mrs. Campbell joined the doctor in Fort Wrangel last week and the good people of this city extend her a hearty welcome.

Jailer Weldon, of Glenora, was in the city last week. He has been keeping a close watch for the barber who escaped from his custody a few weeks ago. Mr. Weldon is a good officer and has hosts of friends in this city who deeply sympathize with him in the misfortune. Desperate criminals will occasionally escape from the most vigilant officers.

The district court for Alaska is to be held in this city the coming fall. This is no more than fair. It is to Judge Johnson that the people are grateful for this act of recognition to this town. The Judge has not paid our city a visit since he assumed the office, but we assure the citizens of Fort Wrangel that they will find in him a most pleasant, genial gentleman and a good trial judge.

Capt. Eldridge, who is in command of the U. S. troops at this place, is not altogether satisfied with his being located in this nice, quiet, tidy little city. The people are so orderly and good natured that he has concluded that his services here are not required. The fact is, the Captain would like to get out of this and go to Cuba or Manila. While the fight is on he would like to take a hand in it, and we don't blame him.

Back Again.

The revenue cutter Cosmos, Hofstad, captain, and Inspector Pando on board, pulled up to the Davidge wharf last Friday evening. The two gentlemen named made the News a pleasant call while in the city. They left Saturday morning in a northwesterly direction. "From whence they came and whither they go," is only known to themselves. They are on the look out for whiskey smugglers. They may be looking for Spanish warships for all we know. The boat carries a 41 Winchester rifle and therefore will be able to cope with the gunners that the Spanish have.

The Wrecked Iskoot.  
Vancouver News-Advertiser.

The officers and crew of the river steamer Iskoot, wrecked at West Inlet, six miles south of the North Fork of the Skeena river, have arrived from the north on the steamer Amur. They have nothing to add to the previous report of the disaster. Pilot O'Brien, who was at the wheel, mistook the course, and going into West Inlet, struck a rock, and now she lies with her back broken, a total wreck. All the furniture and other articles were saved and brought down on the Amur, but it is feared that it will be a very costly undertaking to save the machinery.

The Klondike Outfit.

The Tartar on her last trip down had deposited in her strong box \$200,000 in gold dust and nuggets just brought out from Dawson City under guard of the Canadian mounted police. This amount is a mere bagatelle compared to that which will shortly follow. An authority, who is presumed to speak by the letter, states that the first boat to leave Dawson City for St. Michaels will carry no less than \$12,000,000 in gold dust and nuggets, and that this will represent not to exceed one-third of the output of the Klondike for the past season. When this increase to the circulating medium of the world is unloaded at Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver, its presence will create an excitement that will radiate to the furthestmost parts of the earth, resulting in a stampede for the gold fields, the like of which the world has never seen. Bluster and blow as he may, the Storm King who has held undisputed possession of the frigid north for unnumbered centuries, will find himself powerless to stay the progress of the mighty force that invades his domain to wrest from him his long cherished secrets, and his phalanxes of snow will melt "neath the hot haste of hurrying feet like grease on a gridiron. Mark this prediction, especially the latter portion of it, and file it away for future reference.


Capt. Stephens was a welcome caller at this office last Friday. The Captain is one of the best friends Fort Wrangel ever had and is doing a great deal of hard work to advance her interests. We need more workers like the Captain.

Press Comments.

The Fort Wrangel News is the name of a new weekly which made its first appearance at Wrangel June 8, published by A. G. McBride and Fred L. Henshaw. It is eight-paged and contains some good live matter of local interest. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Fred L. Henshaw, formerly editor of the Times, and Charles A. Hopp, a well known Western Washington newspaper man, are connected with the Fort Wrangel, Alaska, News, a live and tidy publication recently received. —Skagit County News.

The first copy of the Fort Wrangel, Alaska, News has reached this office. It is a 5-column, eight-page paper and gotten up in a manner to baffle the most chronic critic of news or typographic arrangement. It is chock full of news events pertaining to the northern mining country. Fred L. Henshaw, formerly of Seattle and Chelan, is associated with A. G. McBride as editors and publishers and Chas. A. Hopp is business manager. We wish the new enterprise much success. —Big Bend Empire.

Another new candidate for public favor in Alaska has appeared. This time it is the News, published at Wrangel by McBride & Henshaw. It is a five-column, eight-page paper, and presents a very nice appearance indeed. Although wishing the gentlemen all the success imaginable, we cannot help but feel that they have cast their lot in a town that is doomed to an early demise. We may be mistaken, however. Here's our  for good fellowship and brotherly regard, at least. —Skagway News.

The first issue of the Fort Wrangel News is at hand. It is a big, haughty, independent sheet, full of good things, and bears the ear marks of men who understand their business. There is a real gem in the salubrity. It is this: "As to politics we are not in it." The paper is edited and published by A. G. McBride and Fred L. Henshaw. Mr. Henshaw was for about six years on the staff of the Review and has an experience of twenty years in the newspaper business. He will no doubt prove a valuable acquisition to Wrangel, not so much we apprehend, on the line of superintending orthodox Sunday schools as in the more substantial realm of hard-fisted business. Mr. Henshaw will make a high-up mark on the Wrangel liberty pole. —Seattle Review.

City Cigar and Tobacco Store

—A full line of—

Books, Stationery and Periodicals.  
CANDY.

S. STROUSE, Prop.

Opposite McKinnon's Wharf, Fort Wrangel.  
No. 208 Front Street.

West Bros. WHOLESALE & RETAIL BUTCHERS.

Supplying Ships, Hotels and Restaurants a Specialty.

400 FRONT ST. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

## NORTHERN PACIFIC

### RUNS

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS  
ELEGANT DINING CARS  
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

—TO—

ST. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS  
DULUTH FARGO  
GRAND FORKS CROOKSTON  
WINNIPEG HELENA  
BUTTE CHICAGO  
PHILADELPHIA WASHINGTON  
NEW YORK BOSTON

AND ALL POINTS EAST  
AND SOUTH

TIME SCHEDULE.

In Effect February 13th, 1908.

TRAINS LEAVE SEATTLE.

For Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul and the East 4:00 p. m.  
For Portland 5:20 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.  
For Olympia 7:30 a. m. and 5:00 a. m.  
For Aberdeen 5:00, 7:30 and 11:00 a. m.; 1:15, 6:20 and 7:00 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.

From Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul and the East 7:00 a. m.  
From Portland 6:20 and 11:00 p. m.  
From Olympia 6:20 p. m.  
From Aberdeen 6:20 p. m.  
From Tacoma 7:00 and 1:00 a. m.; 1:15, 6:20 and 11:30 p. m.

Daily except Sunday. All others daily. This card subject to change without notice. Through tickets to Japan and China via Northern Pacific Steamship Company. For rates, routes and other information call on or address

I. A. NADEAU.

Gen'l Agent, Seattle.  
City Ticket Office, corner Yesler Way and First Avenue.  
Depot Ticket Office, corner Western Avenue and Columbia Street.

A. D. CHARLTON.

Assistant General Passenger Agent,  
No. 255 Morrison St., cor. Third, Portland, Or.

Canadian Pacific Ry.

AND SOO LINE

Now selling tickets to

MONTREAL, TORONTO,  
DETROIT, BOSTON,  
NEW YORK, BUFFALO

First Class, \$35; second class, \$25.

ST. PAUL—  
First class, \$20.00; second class, \$10.00.

CHICAGO—  
First class, \$31.50; second class, \$21.50.  
Equally low rates to all points East.

NO REBATES.

Atlantic Ocean Tickets.

For all information apply to  
W. R. THOMSON,  
Freight and Passenger Agent,  
609 First Avenue, Seattle.  
E. J. COYLE,  
District Passenger Agent,  
Vancouver, B. C.

GREAT  
NORTHERN  
RAILWAY

TICKET OFFICE

612 First Avenue, Seattle.

Leave Seattle. Arrive  
4:00 p. m. Overland Express 7:00 p. m.  
8:15 a. m. Pacific Coast Lines 6:15 p. m.

Japan America Line.

—FOR—

JAPAN, CHINA,

—AND ALL—

Asiatic Ports

SAIL REGULARLY.

WRANGEL....

Sheet Metal Works

Yukon Stoves and Fixtures.  
All kind of work made to order.

Bath Tubs a Specialty

Careful attention  
Given all custom work

F. E. Cagle.

THE  
Fort Wrangel News

—FOR YOUR—

JOB WORK

NORTH FRONT STREET.

DUNCAN McKINNON

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise..

MINERS' SUPPLIES

The Largest Outfitting Stock in Alaska

Miners' Outfits  
Put Up by Experienced Packers

LOW PRICES GOOD GOODS

McKINNON BUILDING, FRONT ST.  
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

VICTORIA HOTEL

FORMERLY THE TOPEKA HOUSE

FURNISHED ROOMS

—BY THE—

DAY  
WEEK OR  
MONTH

CIGARS & REFRESHMENTS

This House is Centrally Located,

Being Within One Block of Both City Wharves

HARRY DAY, Manager.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

THE GENERAL PUBLIC

IS NOTIFIED THAT

REID & SYLVESTER...

Carry a full and complete line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CLOTHING, MACKINAWES,  
BOOTS AND SHOES, AND RUBBER GOODS.

AND IN FACT A FULL LINE OF

MINERS' SUPPLIES

We Are the Pioneer Merchants of the City and Will Not Be Undersold

REID & SYLVESTER

OPPOSITE  
TROUP'S WHARF

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

MONEY SAVED.....

Is Better than Money Earned.

SAVE MONEY BY BUYING OF

WAKEFIELD & YOUNG

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

509 FRONT STREET

THE CHOICEST GROCERIES  
AT THE VERY LOWEST RATES

A Trial Order Will Convince You. Call  
Early and Avoid the Rush.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.